

DRUMMER

ISSUE 119

WILD & WOOLLY MEN
IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS

HOUNDED

BY JAY SHAFFER

MOUNTAIN GRIZZLY

BY FURR

WATERMELON SHOTGUN

BY BART WASHINGTON

NORTHWEST PASSAGE

PHOTOS FROM ADAM & CO.

FETISH FEATURE

BEARS
& MOUNTAIN MEN

DRUMMER



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BEARS & Mountain MEN.

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"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away." **Henry David Thoreau**

DRUMMER

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*We hold these truths to be self-evident . . .
That all men are created equal,
that they are endowed by their creator with
certain inalienable rights,
including the rights to life, liberty,
and the pursuit of happiness.*

OFF *Fledermaus* THE TOP

For the past few days the people of the United States of America have been celebrating the anniversary of their nation's Declaration of Independence; a celebration of the individual freedoms on which the nation is based; a reiteration of our "inalienable right" to the "pursuit of happiness"! However, that "inalienable right" seems to be limited to those pursuits our "leaders" deem appropriate for "happiness." While a religious basis is often the excuse for the proscriptions they put on our pursuits, even the Golden Rule is subject to their limitations. "Do unto others as they would do unto you" is not something they would allow if the "doing" is cocksucking or beating ass.

Ed Meese, that paragon of virtue who is absolutely delighted that he has not been indicted, has announced his resignation as the nation's chief law enforcement officer. But the monster he has created is well entrenched and voracious. The Meese Commission, a stacked deck that could have written its final report even before hearing a single witness, concluded that pornography is BAD. They did not allow themselves to be confused by mere facts and determined that the puritan moral ethics, as least when they apply to that dirty, whispered word *sex*—were the standard for interpreting which happinesses could be pursued. To achieve their goal they blackmailed 7-11 and other businesses into dropping "offensive" material like *Playboy* even while the report was being written.

Now Brent Ward, Chairman of the Attorney-General's subcommittee on obscenity, has announced that fourteen companies and twenty individuals have been named in federal indictments in eight states. He also said that other investigations are under way and he expects more indictments during the next six months. According to a Scripps Howard News Service article, the fourteen companies are responsible for circulating about 75% of the pornographic materials mailed in the U.S. Edward Dennis, the acting assistant attorney general, is quoted as saying that the investigation targeted companies that advertised "hard-core" materials—including explicit depictions of rape, torture and bestiality. "We only went after what is clearly obscene and hard-core material," he noted.

Clearly obscene to whom? Last night I went to see *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*. Neither Disney Studios nor Spielberg were named in the indictment. But in the

film Roger Rabbit's human-looking Toon wife is forced to "play patty-cake" with a lecherous old man and then is tied to her rabbit husband, and they are hung by their wrists and over and over again tortured by near misses of a death-dealing cannon loaded with the lethal "dip." Talk about explicit "rape, torture and bestiality," they were all right there on the big screen being shown to an audience full of children and the nuclear families this nation treasures so highly. This appears to be fully legal, at least for the moment. Censorship boards in the past certainly would not have allowed a rabbit to have a human wife and we are well along the road to the return to such stringent moral bludgeons.

Jack Swagerty, assistant chief postal inspector, said that the Justice Department and Postal Service began the investigation in response to "thousands of complaints regarding the indiscriminate mailing of sexually oriented materials." He said more than 100,000 people last year filed Postal Service forms requesting that they not receive sexually oriented materials during the last year. I am sorry that more than 100,000 people find sexually explicit material offensive, and I think that it is appropriate for the federal government to see that it is not mailed to them. I personally find pleas for money from the Republican Party, on President Reagan's letterhead offensive, as I do any mailings from the various religious groups constantly seeking donations from me. I would like to be protected from this patently offensive material too. But I don't really believe that the government's objective is just to keep the offensive mail out of the hands of those who don't want it. Their objective is to keep it away from EVERYONE. That 100,000 is the excuse to prevent the many times 100,000 who wanted the material, who even ordered some of the smut being offered, from getting their dirty little hands on it. No matter that they are consenting adults intent on pursuing happiness in the sanctity of their own bedrooms, accompanied only by their own hand (or vibrator) or another consenting adult. Big brother knows that that is a NO-NO and he will fight to close off every source. You have only the freedom to pursue those happinesses that Ed Meese and his minions deem acceptable!

Several of our major distributors on the east coast have canceled their orders for *Drummer*, *DungeonMaster*, *Mach*, and the *Sandmutopia Guardian*. "You've got pictures of people tied up in there. We can't

have that anymore!" New York City prides itself on being the center of everything, but not for our magazine distribution. There are only a few shops left in Manhattan where *Drummer* can be purchased off the shelves. I know of only three that carry the *Guardian*. On a per capita basis our magazines are more easily available in Cleveland, Indianapolis, and even Peoria, than in Greenwich Village.

When it comes to doing favors for friends, even at the national expense, it seems that morality is irrelevant. All that counts is if the action is indictable by a set of rigidly defined regulations. But sexual "obscenity" is subject to an entirely different set of rules where there are no precise guidelines, no rigid sets of limitations on what is and is not acceptable. Here the prosecutors can intimidate and persecute whatever they don't like. Our moral monitor, Uncle Eddy, may be leaving office, but he is also leaving a legacy of intimidation and fear among those who differ from HIS definition of what happiness we have the right to pursue. □

CAUTION: Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person must understand the dangers.

While *Drummer* hopes to educate its readers on a wide variety of topics, its main purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction presented in this magazine are just that—fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often could—actually do. They are meant for entertainment only. In other than fictional pieces, we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities and will try to point out all activities which deviate from generally recognized safe-sex and safe-and-sane play activities. However, Desmodus, Inc., its officers and stockholders, the editors and staff of *Drummer*, columnists, authors, artists and other contributors to this publication and other organs of Desmodus, Inc. cannot be held responsible for accidents, injuries or other misfortunes that result from proper or improper application of information imparted or ideas generated by materials in *Drummer*, or from other Desmodus, Inc. products. □

MALE CALL

MUCHO MACHO

Compliments a-plenty for a hot magazine consistently macho, consistently highly professional in format. I always buy an extra copy to read to a graphic-designer (boot-buddy) friend in Europe, cause Europe has nothing to compare.

Am wondering why you have not yet, so far as I can tell, got out a fetish feature on vacuum pumping! There's a lot out there and I have seen that the results really do work.

JA/New York

MUD FAN

Would it be possible, guys, to run a listing of films which include some studs getting involved in this sort of thing? I know of very few all-male films (XXX) that are devoted to men getting covered with mud, grease, cream pies, slime, etc. *Safe Fantasies* had a couple of boys rolling around in some shaving cream, and *Mess* is a very weak attempt with an unattractive, cry-baby wimp getting the goods. So a listing of XXX-male films with this theme—if there are some—would be a great thing to include in issue #120.

KM/Fort Lauderdale

The one video that immediately comes to mind is *Palm Drive's Mud Pillow Fight* which poses the question: is Jack Fritscher mudsane or mudinsane? Wade into this one waist-deep. And catch *Drummer 120* for a lot more on mud.

—TPB

EUROPEAN CORRECTIONS

I wish to make a couple of corrections—mostly because of the language problem—when I speak English sometimes I translate direct from German and then it might have a somewhat different meaning in English. I'd like to state that *der Stiefel* (as reported in *Drummer 116*) and the Secretariat of ECMC are two different things. The ECMC secretariat is nothing but a coordination office for all the ECMC clubs which are in almost all of the Western European countries from Iceland to Spain. *Der Stiefel* is only the magazine for the clubs of German language, which includes the clubs in Germany and Loge 70 in Switzerland as well as The Rurals MC in the Dutch city of Roermond. Otherwise the ECMC clubs do not take part at *der Stiefel*, although I do publish their dates of events and some news of the clubs. But this is on a voluntary basis and is thought as a service to people

traveling. *Der Stiefel* is only published 4 times a year and not 6.

There must certainly be a misunderstanding about the darkrooms. There was a darkroom in Zurich in a private club about five years ago. But no more. Our club does not have a darkroom. We do provide condoms during our large organized events as do all of the other clubs.

Beat Ruedi/Zurich, Switzerland

TOUGH SHIT INSENSITIVE

I am driven to write to you regarding your recent TOUGH SHIT column which appeared in *Drummer 116*. You published a blurb on the Florida band that taped firecrackers to the chest of a 17-year-old boy, doused him with alcohol, lit the firecrackers (and alcohol) and then urinated on him. I think the comment you made about it being too bad there wasn't a videotape produced of this "event" was outrageous. This happened to a minor. And it probably caused the "willing victim" permanent damage. At the very least the scene described was at variance with sane practice and what I believed was a clearly stated *Drummer* policy of promoting safe, sane, activity among consenting adults.

What happened to the boy strikes especially close personally, since I was a "willing victim" at the hands of an irresponsible master who took me in when I first arrived in California at the age of 19. I was excited by the leather/SM scene, and with a high pain tolerance, was subjected to heavy physical abuse. My master, who had a withered left testicle, took perverse pleasure in brutal abuse of my left testicle that in retrospect was probably intended to permanently damage me.

The event that causes me to react so strongly to your insensitive remark occurred when my master came home drunk with a guy he'd picked up at a leather bar. The two of them came to work me over, sexually and physically, and the sex, while brutal and raunchy, was also totally unsafe—I was required to give TOTAL toilet service to both—it was at least understandable in 1974 before the specter of AIDS. The genital abuse at the hands of two blind-drunk maniacs was geared toward permanent mutilation—and it succeeded. My foreskin was pulled over my glans. A straw was inserted and lighter fluid was poured over my foreskin and lit. Unlike the event you described, the two who mutilated me watched my

foreskin burn, along with my glans, and followed by dabbing fluid on my nipples and lighting them up, too. The result is that my foreskin and glans, and later my left testicle, had to be amputated, and there is now scar tissue where my nipples once were. My sex life is ruined and I'm still in therapy at age 33.

I think you owe it to your readers to promote and emphasize safe, sane and responsible SM activity, especially for younger readers just getting into it. Bondage, humiliation, and even painful torture scenes can be satisfying without causing damage and mutilation. I feel for that boy who now has to face life with a scarred body because of probably drunken rockers looking for an irresponsible thrill. This kind of event should be condemned as a wanton butchery, a perversion of the responsible SM scene.

I have no animosity toward SM as a result of my experience, and blame myself for my naive trust in a domineering personality that couldn't keep his lust within rational limits. The SM fraternity doesn't need the kind of bad image caused by the pathological types attracted to it, and who are invited to the destructive and insane activity described in TOUGH SHIT. Any items such as that should be accompanied by a strongly worded condemnation. The SM scene is always misunderstood and will never be accepted—we don't need to be branded as child mutilators!

Please! Consider making a clear unmistakable statement of principle on behalf of the rational leather/SM fraternity. If you're serious about servicing and promoting leather/SM interests, you'll make that statement.

SB/San Diego

Thank you for your most perceptive response. You are right and as the person who puts the TOUGH SHIT column together I'll take full responsibility for the blurb; you're correct. Such abuse is not funny and I apologize for my sometimes twisted lack of sensitivity.

—TPB

RACIST AD

I recently bought a current copy of *Drummer* and was shocked to read a personal ad which read: "White Power. White racist seeks others. White supremacists, Klansmen, rednecks. The real thing. Serious only. Box 6394." Ultimately, as Publisher, you have to set the moral tone



MA

for your publication and be held accountable for its shortcomings. This sort of outrageous sentiment should never have made it past your staff and into print. Obviously, it did not make the same impression on the several hands it passed through in your editing and production process that it did on me.

You will no doubt be hearing from others regarding this matter. If it turns out that you have the legal right (Freedom of Speech) to publish racist material, your readership has the right to censure or not support your racist policy. No doubt you will hear more about that.

I don't believe all of your readership appreciates seeing this kind of drivel dignified and given sanction by being published in your magazine or elsewhere. Fortunately, most publishers won't stoop to this level. This kind of advertisement is a disgrace to a multi-ethnic gay community and to all of humanity. You owe your Third World readership and those readers who are not as ignorant as described in this ad an apology.

Thomas Bean/San Francisco

We firmly believe that each individual has the right to his sexual fantasies, and to seek other consenting adults who share those fantasies. Thus we do not censor ads with racial or other objectionable overtones that relate to sexual fantasies and role playing. This is why the ad you objected to got by us.

However, we also agree that it should not have been published. It is not a sexual fantasy ad. We goofed and apologize to those who might have been offended by it. We will scrutinize all personals more closely in the future. But we will continue to publish ads that clearly relate to sexual fantasies.

—AFD

DALLAS DEEPFREEZE

I was very uncomfortable with David Stein's "Rough Stuff" in *Drummer* 116.

Everything I've read from him since the Dallas conference has trashed people who were there, who were doing their best to accommodate the disparate thinking of a LOT of people. He implies that everybody who didn't agree with him was duped into following false messiahs, hardly a high opinion of his sisters and brothers

LE CALL

in leather, particularly given the overwhelming majorities by which all issues voted on were passed. (Although a 2/3 majority was required by the group to pass substantive matters, almost everything passed by 3- and 4-to-1.) He fails to acknowledge the room for diversity that, I trust, he accepts within G.M.S.M.A.

Indeed, there were high tempers and a lot of disagreements. The people who came to Dallas were hardly wimps and wusses; they were intelligent women and men with many different visions of what a coalition of SM and leather organizations might look like. A tremendous amount of work was done, trying to create something that would work for us.

I am a member of two San Francisco SM organizations, both of which sent delegates to Washington. In neither case did the delegates have the authority to commit their organizations to joining any kind of future coalition. I understand the people in Washington were very enthusiastic about a future meeting to create a coalition.

But I also understand that the meeting at which it was decided to meet again conflicted with several other events, and was not attended by everyone who might have wanted to be there, and was certainly not given adequate time to reflect on all aspects of what it was thinking about doing and how it was going to do it. To hold up a decision made by an ad hoc body without specific authority as *The Word* is just silly. The Dallas conference was intended as a deliberative body. At that conference issues and questions arose that could not have been considered in Washington simply because there was no time.

The issues of individuals as members of the coalition cannot be shoved under the table. It's rather difficult for one SM person in a small-population, conservative state to find OR found an SM organization. It's difficult for such people to be involved meaningfully in a group several hundred miles away. Some people don't want to join organizations at all. Others have simply burned out on all organizations (and would call down a plague on all their/our houses, if they could). To ignore a large number of people, to deprive them of the services the coalition SSMA can become, is just plain foolish.

Consider, too, that the GDI's may have something to offer the coalition and the organizations.

David's suggestions of bad faith and continued airing of grievances does nothing to further the cause of coalition. The steering committee of S.S.C.A, very early in its life (before we left Dallas, in fact) acknowledged the necessity of having broader input from organizations who did not have people on the steering committee. It seems to me, however, that people serving on the steering committee and who are members of SM and leather organizations do not serve the concept of coalition if they perceive themselves only as representing their own club's interests. They are there, I hope, to reflect the concept of clubs and to consider how recommendations of the steering committee might affect larger as well as smaller clubs.

It is possible that we made horrendous mistakes in Dallas. After all, we were only a group of human beings, and majorities are not always right. But let's stop re-hashing Dallas. Let's see what the steering committee brings to Seattle in October before we throw out the baby, the bath water, the money, and the pieces of our lives that we devoted to trying to create a coalition.

Carol T./San Francisco

Mr. Stein and GMSMA have made it obvious to everyone that they were dissatisfied with the meeting held in Dallas. However, I should point out that:

- (a) Yes, most social organizations in the US are run as democracies.
- (b) The people there elected the people they wanted to the steering committee.
- (c) The people there voted to reach out to the GDI's, much to GMSMA's chagrin (I've written to GMSMA three times, and though I'm not a GDI, I've never received any form of reply).

From all that I've seen and heard from the participants, GMSMA is merely throwing a tantrum, and it is GMSMA that is rumor-mongering and undermining the start that the people at the meeting in Dallas have made, that is, to create a body to unify not just large organizations but all individuals involved in the S&M scene in the USA.

Joe Bridwell/Seattle, WA

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DRUMMEDIA

ZEUS DELIVERS A NEW GENRE OF HERO BONDAGE FLICKS

Zeus, that purveyor of muscle boys in bondage, has come up with a new twist on the old jack-off loop idea. The Zeus-Men call it "muscle bondage performance art."

What's that? It's a catchy name for a simple concept: tie up a beautiful, well-built man, and let him struggle to get free for the camera. For bondage freaks like

myself, this fare is a far sight better than a simple strip-the-boy-down-and-let-him-beat-his-meat-till-he-squirts-hot-loads-of-jism type flick.

The Zeus literature likens its two new muscle bondage performance art (MBPA) videos, *Tightropes One* and *Tightropes Two*, to the movie hero bondage scenes we all look for in action films: Arnold the Schwarz crucified in *Conan*, Dolph bound and laser whipped in *Masters of*

the *Universe*, Steve Reeves chained up in all those old gladiator movies, and every other beefcake pin-up we've paid six bucks to see rendered helpless.

Of course, in the Zeus products the point is erotic stimulation, and the boys are bound in very little but rope, maybe a jock, or boots, or nothing but their shaved muscles and lots of oil.

The *Tightrope* videos don't have a lot of jerking off, although sometimes the Zeus-Master does let his pretties pop. "Mystery hands," as the Zeus flyers describe them, often appear from the sidelines to slap, fondle, pinch, tease . . . and stroke . . . the stars. (Fluffing looks better every time I've plunged one of these double-dosed 60-minute dollops down the VCR.)

Of the two, *Tightropes Two* is my favorite, from both a technical standpoint and because of the stars, but the first one also has its marvelous moments. The film stars bodybuilder Buck Gibson and the snarly Buddy Justice, of BG Wrestling fame. (O, Zeus, out of whose furrowed brows are born the names of thy stars?)

The brochures bill Buck as a black "gladiator" of awesome muscularity. The copy describes his ". . . square-slabbed pecs, punctuated with dollar-sized dark brown nipples. Chiseled, rippling abs glistening with sweat . . ." while your cock drips. It's all true. Zeus dresses those caramel pecs and bubble buns with expertly woven white rope, sticks a bar between Buck's back and elbows (among other bondage positions), and the camera watches him twist and grind. Very simple and very erotic.

No one, however, in either *Tightropes One* or *Two* compares with Buddy Justice. Zeus Daddy Mikal Bales says he selected Buddy and Buck because, after the release of *Tightropes One*, he received dozens of letters from MBPA-crazed fans asking for another flick starring a young blond street kid and a black bodybuilder. Well, you baby blond fans will lose sleep over this one, and your dick may fall off. Buddy Justice is the young blond street kid of the year.

Here's a little fantasy I thought of just to put me in the mood for Buddy. Imagine you meet a hot-looking straight kid, say a lean young punk who works at your factory, or as a carpenter on the housing project where you've hired on. He's full of bravado, and his mouth is nothing but "cunts" and "faggots." You figure he'd just as soon slit your nostrils with that switch-blade he brandished once at lunch as give you a civil hello.



BUCK GIBSON

video stills from

Zeus Studio's Tightropes

But one night, the kid loses a Millertime argument with a barrel-chested older foreman. The foreman taunts the kid with a "Where'd you get that pretty tattoo, pussy, from your prison daddy?" wisecrack. Then he gives the kid a left to the chin, a right to the gut and a boot where it counts before the boy has a chance to pop his shiny blade. The crew leaves the punk heaving a pitcher's worth in the sawdust.

Out of kindness and lust, you gather him up in your arms while he mutters his undying loyalty with bloodied lips, and you toss him into the front seat of your pick-up. On the way home, he passes out in your lap. Your dick is hard, and when he wakes up, he knows it. "Fuckin' faggot," he yells at you. "Let me out of this heap!"

You've had it. You smack him hard with the back of your fist, and he cracks his head on the metal frame of the passenger door. He crumples. Now you've done it. You've crossed over a line, and you make a drastic decision. You're going to break this punk and make him yours. You're tired of his foul-mouthed shit, and you want to feed it back to him, little by little. Besides, no one will miss him in the morning. They'll just guess he'd quit after what happened tonight, too ashamed to show his bruised ego in public.

So, you take him down to your cellar, strip him to his boots, old jock and torn white tanktop, and tie him to a post. When he comes to, he curses you. He swears he'll get you for doing this to him . . . Yeah.

This is where the Buddy Justice segment of *Tightropes Two* begins. Zeus takes it from there and slowly wears this punk down until he whimpers. No shit.

I hope Daddy Bales uses this boy on the screen again, and uses him longer and harder. Christ, make a whole movie around him, Mikal! There'll be a long line waiting for that film to open.

Tightropes One, which features two handsome bodybuilders, Tyler Stetson and Brian Baxter, is a simpler film technically. The camera moves less, and the action is a little slower than in *Tightropes Two*. But don't let that dissuade you from getting both of them. I think Zeus is onto something here. And I've already heard a little about what's coming in Number Three.

By the way, Zeus's *Tightropes* videos are not to be confused with the *Tightropes* flicks and magazines released a few years ago. And yes, Zeus does have permission to use the name.

Although Zeus is known primarily for its



BUDDY JUSTICE



TYLER STETSON

DRUMMEDIA

magazines and photosets, the studio also has two other videos out now that are worth a viewing. The 40-minute, two-part flick *Captured* was the first Zeus video, released late last year. *Captured* stars two of Zeus's most popular models, pierced blond beauty Scott Answer and studly Harker Wade, he of eye-patch fame in the Zeus magazine *Odyssey Two*.

In the first segment, Harker fantasizes about finding Scott suspended in a sling, wearing only chaps and the rings in his several piercings. Harker stuffs a good-sized piece of plastic up Scott's asshole and then pulls Scott's cock till he splashes.

In the second segment, Scott ties Harker to the four corners of a metal frame, slaps him around, works a large butt-plug up Harker's little ass, then milks Harker's fat uncut dick.

It's a simple film, not as intense as it could have been in some places, but pretty hot in others. Not bad for a first effort, and it has certainly been a very good seller for Zeus.

The other film, *Early House*, was released in June. *Early House* is unlike any other Zeus effort, or perhaps any other skin flick ever made. In fact, it's something of a collector's item. In *Early House*, Mikal Bales and Scott Answer have constructed a jewel-like setting for a very simple (but rather well done) old home fuck video that Scott made with gay porn legend Casey Donovan many years ago at *Early House*, a small hotel in Key West, Florida.

Before he died, Casey sent the footage to Mikal with a note that said, "Mikal... do something with this. Love, Casey." Mikal and Scott, who both counted Casey as one of their close friends, have created a sensitive keepsake about this much-loved sex star. *Early House* is sort of like a video scrapbook with a sexy opening and an orgasm at the end. It's a keepsake worth having.

—Kevin Wolff

GRASPING THE KEY

The *enfant terribles* of radical sexual photography have done it again. Michael Rosen and Mark I. Chester once more prove that grasping the interpersonal key to sexual creativity remains an effort that is not so much handcuffed or locked into a time, an era, or a place, but daring to go where only the brave (or the obsessed if there's a difference) dare to go—creating themselves in the process—has become the photographic signature of these two intriguing incorrigible madmen.

And they are mad.

The key to discerning what it is these deranged artists are about as paranoid prophets, looking as they do at both the past and the future simultaneously, lies in their resplendent insistence that their fellow artists must bring sensuality and obsession to what we call—art. What both men unwittingly conclude with their work is that creativity itself exists-and-grows and gets reshaped within the artists of a time, within the artists of an era; within the daring of artists who aren't afraid to really "put it out there." The key to understanding Rosen and Chester can be found in comprehending their ability (and burning need) to expose themselves.

The golden age of Folsom still exists only, now, it exists in the form of a new expressionism; wanton disregard for artistic or social convention. Rosen and Chester show us that "the key" to our liberation, straight and gay, lies within the sexual images we construct of ourselves. By ourselves. For ourselves. About ourselves. The San Francisco photographers have recently mounted and exhibited a collection of Bay Area erotic photographs from other radically sexual artists who are obviously willing to explore and experiment with what can only be described as lurid photographic rebelliousness.

Putting—sex—out there.

Rosen and Chester's show finds drama and tension where drama and tension are supposed to be—shadows and suggestion. Reality and fantasy. In Rosen and Chester's world (and eye although their visions are completely different) the magnetized blend of reality and fantasy implies the construction of an accord between sexual renaissance and visual reincarnation. Many of the images exhibited here are, indeed, daring, leaving journalistic "objectivity" behind as eroticism itself is allowed to pose questions that dwarf even our socially prurient fascination with the mechanics of fucking. Here, we are fascinated with a more metaphysical participatory sexuality that is both light, dark, grey, colorful, dry, wet, controlled and often hallucinatory.

Inevitably some photographers connect to sex more effectively and sensually than others. Cleo Dubois' images of clothespins and bloodied butts is a sensual extravaganza. Dennis Bell's oversized blow-ups nailed to the ceiling with spikes stand out as mindblowpaganism gone orgasm wild. Diana Delgrosso's image of pussy-eaters on ironing board interjects humor. And Fakir Musafar confronts convention with photos labeled *The Collar* and

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images which imply Indian pleasure-torture ceremony—O-kee-pa.

Opening night gallery attendees were confronted with the sexual, not only in terms of the exhibited photography (which was mounted everywhere from the walls to the ceiling), but at least in this somewhat crazed effort art-becomes-life-life-becomes-art: performance art with naked leathermen—hard throbbing cocks—in dark corners jerking off, Sex-Video Producer, Michael Goodwin, shooting a gay male sex video smack dab in the middle of the gallery space while literally hundreds of mostly straight (and shocked if anyone in this day and age can be shocked) "gallery patrons" filed by in frozen fascination as the surrounding sexual whirlwind blazed its magic...

All of this, of course, caused the San Francisco *Chronicle* to gag itself with Sandra Day O'Connor's judge's gavel by declaring that it would take a member of the Supreme Court to decide if any of this was—worthwhile. What makes this "putting it out there" effort exciting (and worthwhile versus so-called artists who ALWAYS only talk about "putting it out there") are the inevitable visuals which seem to silently struggle in the photographic spaces—both real and fantastical—far far beneath the visible surfaces of everyday existence. Beyond the sexually subterranean. Such deeply humanistic work exemplifies the extraordinarily outspoken assertion of uniqueness and the independence of the individual creators. Fashion goes beyond fashion, stretching into the flagrant and the forbidden. Such statements become indomitable acts of artistic survival.

Today's art-universe cannot and will not readily assimilate the radically sexual rebel/artist any more than it did in less enlightened times. Out of necessity Rosen and Chester have created their own art-as-life universe defined by their own sexual improvisational idealism. And ultimately as artists bound to an era, bound to a place, bound ironically to one another, Rosen and Chester form an interpersonal alliance, the key to "putting it out there," reshaping the whole definition of avant-garde. Avant-garde is alive and well and lives South of Market. The fact that this photography is—out there—at all demonstrates that the key to artistic accomplishment remains finding those kinds of alliances within yourself and within others that focus on not so much the mechanics of sex, but on the responsibility of the artist to create erotic images that forever reinterpret the human experience. —TPB □

photo courtesy of

Steven Baratz

erotic photo show



DRUMMER 119





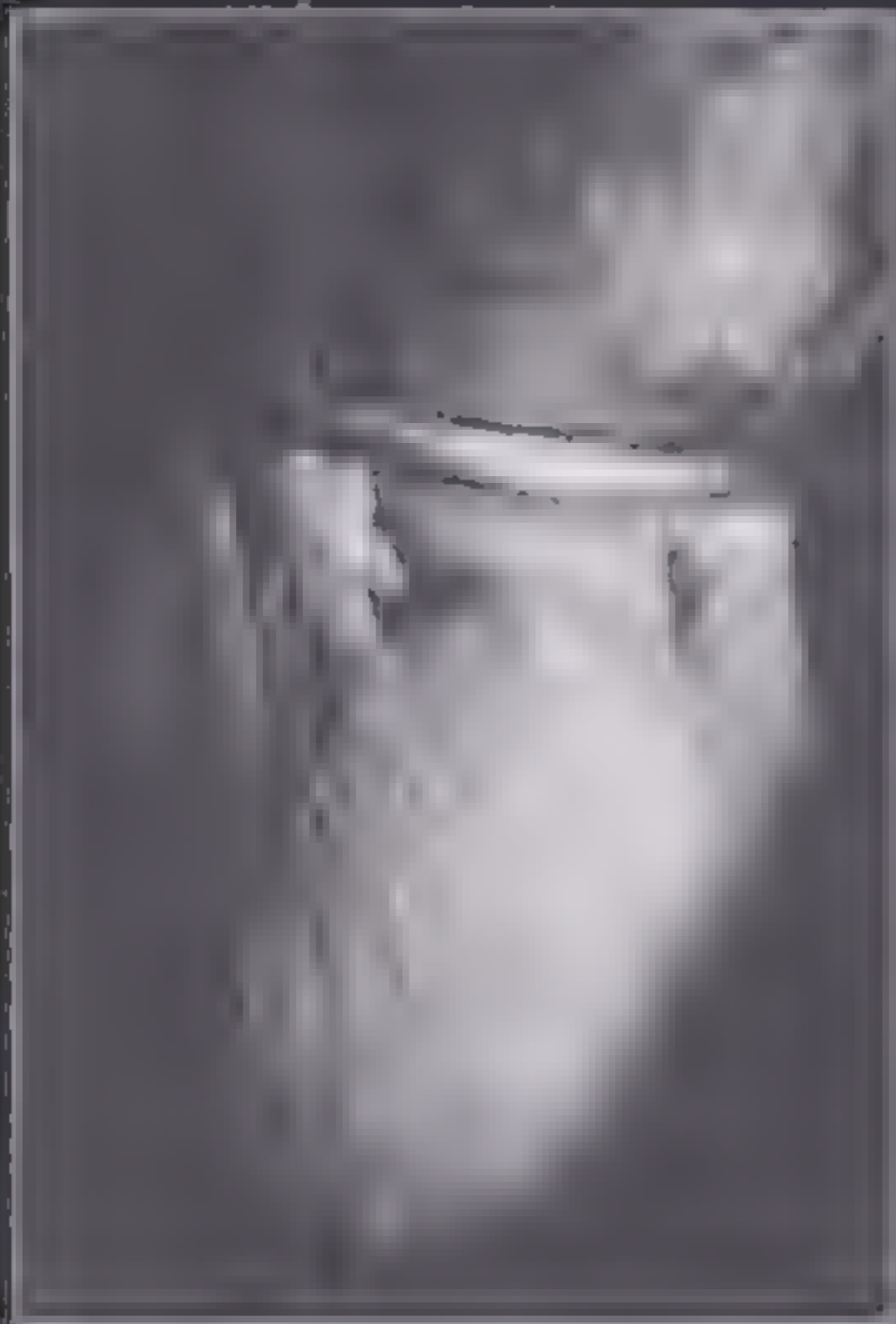
A BEAR HUNTER'S DREAM

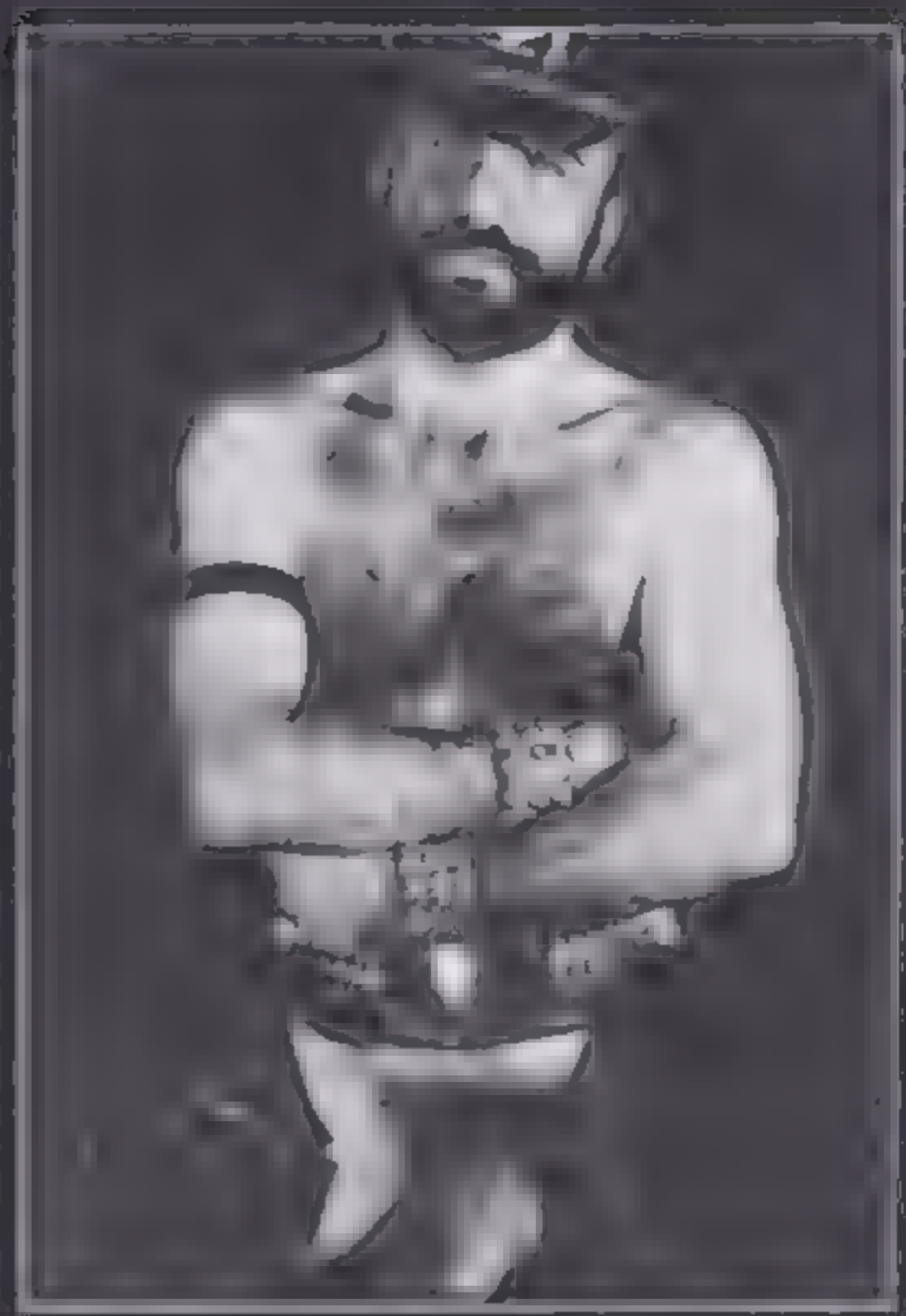
PHOTOS BY ADAM & CO

LEAF
HARTIN



LEAF HARTIN











BEARS & MOUNTAIN MEN.



(Photo by Robbie)

FETISH FEATURE

Fetish Feature is a special section to be found in most issues of *Drummer*. Each issue focuses on a special turn-on, including news and information, fiction, photos, art, etc. for each fetish. A special feature will be the Fetish Tough Customers section. Send in your special photos for the Fetish TC's and send in your letters, stories, likes, dislikes, etc. for upcoming fetishes. Have you missed getting into the Fetish Feature that is your particular turn-on? You don't have to wait until the subject rolls around again. Send us your photos, letters, club news, etc. There are regular columns in *Drummer* that carry these every month and we'll be happy to include yours for tattoos, boots, shaving, wrestling, or whatever you have missed!

Drummer
#120
#121
#122
#123
#124

Fetish Feature
Mud, Oil, Grease & Grunge
Tits
Cigars
Do-it-yourself Sex
Bodybuilders

Deadline
Too Late
Too Late
September 1
October 1
November 1

We live in a shortsighted heterosociety that inevitably de-eroticizes the sexuality of big men. Fashion is as fashion does. And fashion in our culture dictates that thin is beautiful. Fortunately, we also live in a society where fashion as it comes and goes like the wind is often perceived for the bullshit that it is. So much windowdressing. When it comes to seeing the sexiness in big men, mountain men, bear men, solid men, you'd have to suffer from an acute case of fashionblindness not to secretly wonder about the lasciviously solid sexual possibilities.

Has anyone noticed that the men featured in gay male erotica in order to turn you on are getting beefier? Big men. Mountain men. Men with weighty souls. Men with enormous amounts of that, oh, so rare commodity: common sense. Bear men. Solid men. Men who are more about work and sweat and pleasure than ephemeral fashion...

Drummer explores the sexual potency, the rough male sensibility of I don't give a fuck—I'm big—you either allow yourself to see the sensuality in it. Or you don't. All too often our gay subculture adopts attitudes that ape heterosociety's fucked up version of supposed values in that we're either too big, or the wrong shape, or the wrong size, or too hairy, or just plain wrong in terms of how we see ourselves. After we spend significant amounts of time and energy pushing away men who don't live up to our fashionable standards, we frequently find that straight society's expectations have been unconsciously and unceremoniously (dumped) incorporated into our own limited definitions of not only who we are but who we are willing to love. Or become involved with. Or care for.

The stereotype of the "typical" gay male dictates that he's an urban animal when the reality is that not all gay men live in cities. Far from it. Two "outside of the mainstream" gay publications illustrate this point. The popularity of both *Bear* and *RFD* magazines proves beyond question that there's another sensibility out there.

Something beyond pretty cityboys with pretty preppy dreams dancing in their heads.

Something beyond fashion.

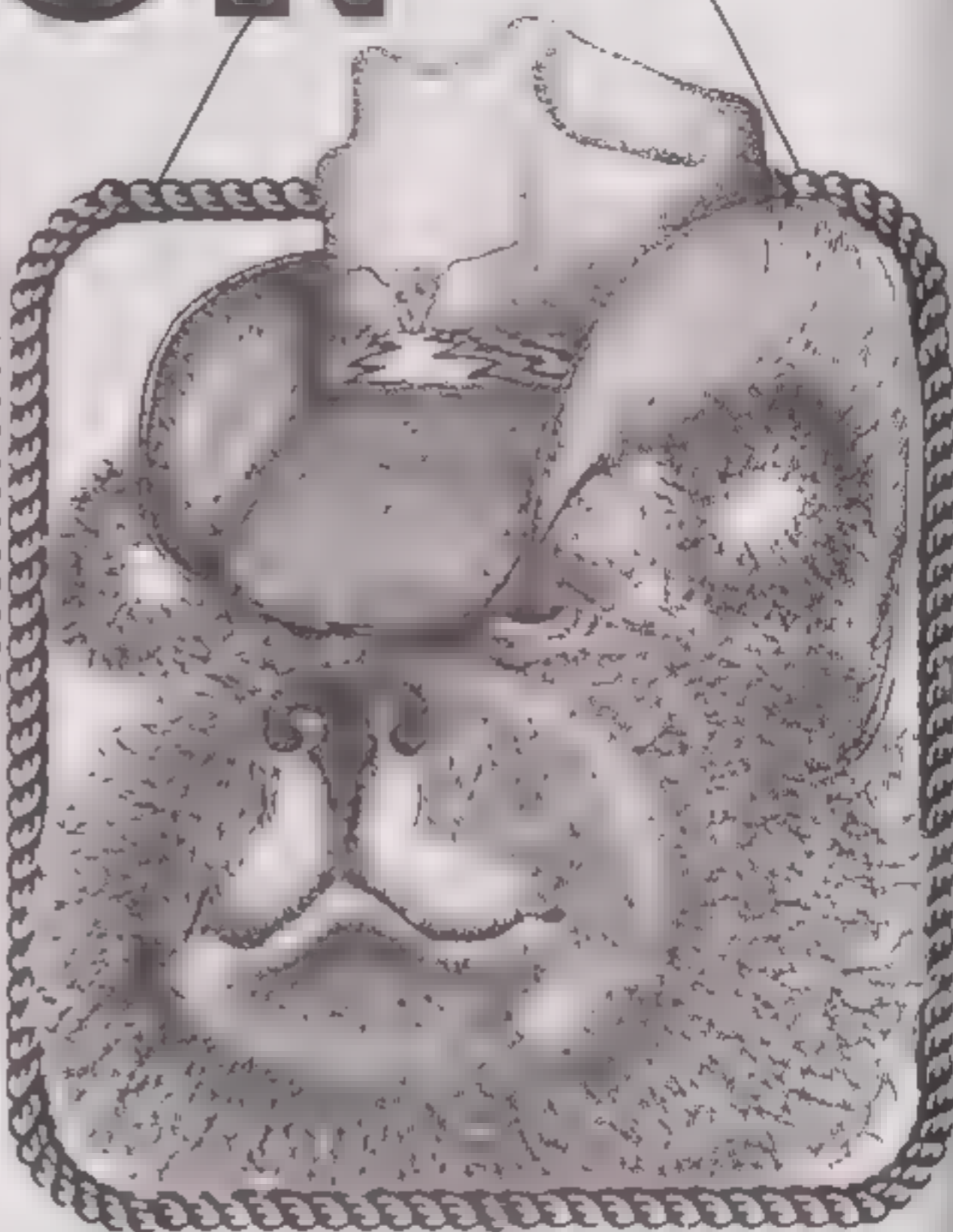
Bear with its pics of burlyfur and muscle is printed in an almost "newsletter-type" format. A little rough around the edges but that exemplifies the fact that *Bear* is the real thing, for the real thing, about the real thing—bears! *RFD* runs articles ranging from such topics as homesteading to poetry to shamanism to something called "Sodomize for Freedom." And because they recognize (hell, they celebrate it) that their readers are mostly country folk, *RFD* has some of the best book reviews (apparently people who live in the country really do read) to be found in the publishing business.

RFD is a magazine for gay folk who are more isolated than us cityboys and this is a magazine put together with a lot of TLC. *Drummer* embraces big men. Big, beautiful, and definitely burly. Mountain men. Rural men. Bear men. Country men. Solid men. Men with sense in their heads versus simply fashion. These are men with male substance. Watch us stretch the erotic boundaries. Watch us redefine—for us—what is and what isn't erotic. Open the door and allow us to turn you on to these spectacularly sexy bulls.

Watch us sweat.

—TPB

NEWTON



GRIZZLY DADDY READY FOR TEDDY

by David L. Newton

NEWTON

A cum-filled cock loaded for bear
Slick on entry quick on the dare
Heat stroke Smokie beatin' his meat
Bear cub club's honey's a treat
Daddy Bear's strict but in measure erects
Golden rod's buried in treasured sex
No bowl of porridge for this bear stud
No prowl or forage & make his beer Bud
This hunky Yogi smokes funky stogies
Sees UFO's and 12:00 o'clock bogies
Bubba Bear pisses and shits in the woods
Hawks up dare splits & chews
bull of the woods
Careful he don't grab ya in a bear-hug brawl

In a blur it's yer fur he wipes ass say Sir & crawl
Southern-bred red-neck brute
bear speaks in a drawl
"Y'all been comin' round these trees
Ballin' & cummin' bound to please all" but
A yard-hard grizzlyglazed eyes
gruntin' crotch starched
Bear humpin' to thump cub
Polar bear blue balls koala claws rub
Panda bear Smokie cock into willing bubs
He's not about to pause as his staff chaffs
The spot under their tails
He gives a bear hug shrug & bear cub's dug
To the hit like on stilts then howls & wails



NEWTON

"Is That a Powderhorn in Your Pocket,
or, Are You Just Glad to See Me?"

HOW TO HUNT BUCKSKIN LEATHER MOUNTAIN MEN AND LIVE AMONG THE BEARS!

Story and photos by Jack Fritscher

Run, as in "Bike Run," is Anglo-Saxon short-speak for *Rendezvous*. Get the picture? Current manhunting rendezvous don't take place in cozy French cafes. 'RendeVOO!' That campfire shout, in the American West these days, means a shit-kicking 3-day weekend in the woods with bearded guys in full leather buckskins, wearing fur animals on their heads, and shooting black powder rifles. So, if you dig tenting something besides your pants, whether in authentic teepees or "tin teepees" (aluminum campers on the bed of a 4WD pickup truck), listen up!

This info is as real as bear shit in the woods.

WHERE THE MOUNTAIN MEN ARE

More than 250,000 mountain men roam the US wilds from Colorado west to the coast. Every weekend, from early spring, when the mountain streams are icy cold enough to shrink the balls of the hardest buckskinner to late autumn when campfire smoke hangs soft in the air, mountain men gather in rendezvous to live out a lost past in the lost present.

Robert Redford's *Jeremiah Johnson* is brother to the gay mountain men in the classic novel and film, *Song of the Loon*, and, subtextually, in the new gay video, *Northwest Passage*, shot entirely on location in the Cascade Mountains of Washington State. (Write: Adam and Company 8210 Lankershim Blvd., #11, N. Hollywood, 91605, \$39 + \$3 postage, say you're 21.)

Mountain men, traditionally, were classic loners, except maybe for a "special pardner," spending their intense winters out trapping skins and furs. Come the spring thaw, "YEE-HAW!"—these American beartrappers came down from the high country to "rendezvous" with French traders, cash in their pelts, kick some shit, pass the jug, and play some mountain-skills games with black powder rifle contests, hatchet throws, and "fastest time" knocking a spark from flint-to-tinder without setting their beards on fire.

In the True West, these mountain men flourished between 1780 and 1820, before the advancing choo-choo of civilization made their hard kind an endangered species. The good news is: contemporary mountain men, basically blue-collar guys, are the revivalists of hyper-male rugged individualism.

LEATHER FETISH ORIGINS

You can join 'em, if you can find 'em, and this info is how you can blaze your trail to initiation into their tight circle where you can bust your britches at the sight of guys who, if modern bikers had ancestors, are the prototypical leather men of American male culture.

Since I was a kid, I always figured that in the wide circle of masculinity, there were ever tighter inner circles of men. My aim was always to penetrate further into the mysterious rites and rituals of the most secret of fraternities.

Cracking into the poses of mountain men took some investigation and some doing. I always heard about rendezvous too late to find them. It took nearly four years of this

Pages 22-23

Photos 8, 9, and 5 from Palm Drive Video's *Super Bears*. Photo 10 from *Mountain Men Rendezvous*, documented in Palm Drive Video's *Mountain Men*.

Pages 24-25

Photos 11, 12, and 13, category B1 from a Mountain Man Rendezvous in Palm Drive Video's *Mountain Men*. Photos 14 and 15, Jack Husky from Palm Drive Video's *The Carpenter*. Photos 16 and 17 from *Bear Magazine's* *Bear Contest*.

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Photo 18 from *Bear Magazine's* *Bear Contest*. Photos 19, 20, and 21, category B1 from a Mountain Man Rendezvous, documented in Palm Drive Video's *Mountain Men*. Photos 22, 23, and 24, *News Klobuck* from Palm Drive Video's *Super Bears*.



enqueering-mind-wanting-to-know to stake out my first Mountain Man Rendezvous.

The hunt was worth the hardy company that embraces "Pilgrims," as newcomers are called. This Pilgrim made it to full mountain man in one summer: buckskin boots, buckskin trousers and shirt over red longjohns, capote (heavy wool overcoat cut from traditional Hudson Bay blankets), coyote head-dress, and black powder rifle.

This may be drag, fella, but it's male drag!

Stick your Nautilus-or-not bod in tight, soft buckskin leathers and pull your pud in your teepee. Its white canvas walls dancing with the shadows of rough, tough, big-bearded dudes carousing around a campfire, playing harmonica, fiddle, and guitar, passing the jug of "Pie" and you'll become more of an initiate than a man called *Horse*!

"Pie," you should be warned, is whatever wild-ass alcohol lightning mix each buckskinner pours into his secret-recipe jug. Sitting around a campfire, hot from the flames on your chest and crotch, cold on your back from the bracing night air, you handle Pie jug after Pie jug—finger through the small hole of the handle with the jug itself lifted on the outside of your forearm with your elbow hoisted to the stars—as the clay bottles pass around the circle.

Pilgrim, beware!

Before you can shout "RendeVOO!", you'll be up doing the doe-see-doe with some bearded, long-haired buckskinner who works cement construction during the 40-hour week! This ain't disco bunny stuff! Especially, when on the last doe of your doe-see, the sight the revelers around the campfire get is your mountain man coaching you how to drop your buckskin pants, pull open the crack of your longjohns, and, in dust, double-moon the blazing campfire to a roar of cheers and uplifted fists.

NEITHER CHARADE NOR PARADE

Buckskinning is real buddy-buddy stuff for homomascu-line men who like horseplay with heteromascu-line men. If you've never been a gay separatist, and, if, in your sexual politics, you've always believed in a deserved mainstream place for us queers who define ourselves by more than our queerness, you don't have to deny anything. You can take your lover or your fuckbuddy. But you don't have to take an ad out in the paper either. Without charade or parade, you're

just yourself, sans candelabra on your camp table, and the buffalo chips of sexual preference fall where they may. Buckskinners, each an individualist, couldn't really give a shit anyway when your overall true self is like them in almost every way but what gender you take to your bedroll. Best of all, every rendezvous has its full supply of single men and male couples buddying around together with no explanation, and no apology for bonding.

The point is, don't be afraid to pass into a straight group of men. That's the ADVENTURE! You only have to be able to rough it in the heat of a noontime shoot or the cold night of a mountain camp without screaming when you jump into a



freezing stream or waiting when you walk. Queens often call butch, homomale men who can pass without making an issue of sexuality, good little Uncle Toms. Piss on them. I came out to hang out with masculine men, gay and straight, not queens, who—I respect in their pivot—can do whatever they want where they want, except in my bearded face.

CAMP TRAMPS

In all the mountain man camaraderie, which Walt Whitman loved, a rendezvous is a very sensual experience of male ritual. Sure, there's sex. Married stuff; families; kids. But there's night cruising too, nearly all male-female, with the lady "camp tramps" making most of the moves, because mountain men tend to sublimate sex, being more into their buckskins, camp gear and guns than they are into a good "poke."

After all, in the 80's age of universal erotic malaise, the mating dance is often no more than an audition for a show that gets rotten reviews and closes on opening night.

These mountain dudes seem genuinely sexually shy for all the fantasies we have about Blue-Collar Sex. Besides, they're surprisingly AIDS-aware. Just like us, they're wary of the toxic hickey. So the whole trip, like an affirmative exercise in burning abstinence, stays very heated and underventilated. You can talk sex. You can touch and hug. "Normal" stuff guys do. Then go back to your teepee or nylon tent and snort the wild musk smell of them on your hands. In three years of buckskinning, having heard about 12 million jokes about whores, I've only heard two gay jokes, and neither was a real putdown. The closest any comment came to "attitude" was about a handsome group of white male "Indians" who, the riff ran, liked to wear loincloths because it made fudgepacking easier.

Lots of mountain men, both muscular and bear-bellied, wear only loincloths and chest beads during the heat of the day, so they were joking about the potential fudgepacker side of themselves as well. There is something about a deerskin loincloth, flapped front and back, that, like us wearing only a jockstrap and boots in public, makes a hail mountain man well met turn into a joking flasher.

The "Indians," by the way, whether or not they're gay, have my total respect. Their costumes, even though designed up so

thoroughly they'd be a hit at any disco, are so authentic, they usually win the Saturday night "Best Costume" prize for Native American gear. The skill they put in creating their Look deserves the notice.

SATURDAY NIGHT MOUNTAIN PRIZE

Those Saturday night costume contests include, besides the "Best Primitive Campsite" award, the "Ugliest Mountain Man" (and the best-outfitted winner is never the "ugliest"), "Best Young Buck" (hubba-hubba), and distaff heats for "Best Indian Maiden," "Best Frontier Gal," plus a prize for the "Best papoose." Rendezvous weekends are fantasy trips



for laboring man, for their women who work the adding machines in bunding supply offices, and for their kids who carry anachronistic skateboards under their arms. At the Saturday night dance, when one of the inevitably costumed "Western Saloon Floozies" comes up to you and asks you to cut a rug, something latent on the straight side of your heart goes boom and you figure that maybe, thank God, you don't look like a Castronaut after all

LET'S DO THE TIMEWARP AGAIN

If you've got a nostalgic ache in your groin to do something different some weekend than stand in a bar, then, go ahead, Pilgrim, dare to mix with another American male subculture beside ours. If you're tired of city life, head for a country



rendezvous. If you're sick of the 20th century, timewarp back to the 18th and 19th. If you're bored with urban cowboys, try the Mountain Man Alternative

I guarantee you'll trip your circuitry sitting around a campfire under a full moon watching a blond Harley biker (they're big in the scene) lift a golden trumpet to his big-moustached lips tootling in some wailing horn above the guitars and banjos. Sometimes, some nights, my whole body, kicked up on Pie and a tokeless Toklas brownie, explodes in a mind-body orgasm of male camaraderie and glory that transcends the mere ejaculation of my dick.

What can I say? Times being what they are, we seek our kicks in hot alternatives. When retro-viruses cause us to cross our legs or cross our fingers, the clever man finds new, safe releases.

MOUNTAIN MAN MUSCLE WORKOUT

One dazzling Sunday morning, tripping around with my video camera, I caught a pair of mountain men, straight as sticks, working out together in a male bonding older than dirt. The senior buckskinner I recognized almost instantly as Mr. America 1961/Mr. Universe 1962. He was a perfectly muscled bearded buckskin daddy. His workout partner was a tall, lean-muscled young trapper with long blond hair. Both were stripped to the waist, sweating in their buckskin trousers.

Gunshots echoed through the spring air from the firing range where local deputy sheriffs (some in their workday uniforms, some in blue nylon SHERIFF jackets) were shooting their pistols alongside the black-powder mountain riflemen.

Mr. Universe and the blond traded back and forth a two-foot piece of black rubber with a steel stirrup at either end. Alternately, each hooked one stirrup under his buckskin boot and held the other in alternating hands, building more muscle pump, doing bicep curls. They switched exercises. Each in turn took the stirrups in both hands, raised their arms high, and stretched the tense rubber down and straight out at arms' length in perfect crucifixion, pumping up their chests. Sweat from the hot mountain sun ran down their armpits, wet their buckskins, dripped in the dust. Finally, they sat on the ground outside a teepee, the soles of their boots flat together, holding opposite ends of an old towel,



MR. UNIVERSE 1961

pulling ever so slowly, dynamic tension, rocking back and forth, working their rippling shoulder and back muscles. Two cross-generational buddies, mountain men, muscle men, working out together in the woods, man-to-man, loving the idea that the videocam was respectfully, at polite distance, recording their every move.

I've never yet met a mountain man who didn't love to have his picture taken. What man into intricate costume isn't a free-spirited exhibitionist? Bring your camera. Bag your game. Take it home. Having shot the picture, shoot again.

BEWARE THE RED GARTER BRIGADE!

The Red Garter Brigade is a playful platoon of about a dozen ladies who pick out, each rendezvous, some single,



unmarried man, whom they cut—poor little doggie—from the herd of mountain men, and carry off to the woods, where they tie him to a tree, slip a red garter like a snapping cockring around his privates, and paint his pecker blue.

You still want to be a mountain man? Go for it! Them Red Garter Ladies won't kill you. I survived and got treated like a Camp Stud for the rest of the rendezvous! Go figure!

BOOKS AND MORE

If you want to test the water before leaping into a new male-male situation, take the next best educational step to attending a genuine rendezvous. Read, for instance, William Scurlock's *Book of Buckskinning*, \$8.98, from Rebel Publishing, which also prints *Muzzleloader Magazine* out of Box 347-M, Route 8, Texarkana TX 76803. Check out "Mountain Men" listings in your library and "Black Powder Rifles" in your Yellow Pages. You wanna be a tracker? Pilgrim, start trackin'.

VIDEO

Men, both leather-fetishists branching out to buckskin, and serious collectors interested in the alternative ways of contemporary straight males, might indulge their VCRs in a colorful, up-close-and-personal, full sound, 80-minute documentary video, *Mountain Men*, \$29.95 (plus \$3 USPS, \$4 UPS, mail order only). Palm Drive Video, PO Box 3653, San Francisco, CA 94119

ONE O' THESE DAYS, THESE BOOTS ARE GONNA WALK ALL OVER YOU!

In these, our *Les Miserables* hard times, nothing could be finer than to have more homomasculine brothers discover the buckskinning mountain-man lifestyle as an authentic alternative complement to the incredible lightness of being male!

You want to march to a different drummer?

You either get it. Or you don't.

You get it.

Some night around a campfire moon, I want to see you Pie-eyed, dropping your 'skins, spreading the crack of your red longjohns, flashing your butt, and howling under the full

DRUMMER

Got it?

□



BEARS

PHOTO BY ROBBIE



One of the things I like about the Pacific Northwest is that no matter what city you live in, even if it's the size of Portland or Seattle, the woods and mountains are never very far away. People sometimes make fun of the region for all the rain we get, but it's that rain that helps keep everything so lush and green most of the year, even through most of the summer.

Another advantage of the region is the men. All those dense forests draw lots of loggers and other hunky men to work them; unfortunately for most of the citybound, the hottest of them mostly stay in the woods where they work, as I found out.

Unlike a lot of my gay friends for whom the only thing to do on the weekends is to hang out in smoky bars hunting for tricks (which I enjoy on occasion myself, don't get me wrong), I like to go out for day hikes in the woods, and sometimes even take Monday or Friday off so I can take a short camping trip. Maybe it's because I was born in the Redwoods on the north coast of California, but I don't think there's anything quite as restful and pleasant as being out in the woods.

This particular weekend, the weather forecasters were off by more than usual. They had predicted a sunny, warm weekend—perfect for a trip to the woods—so I left

work at lunchtime on Friday in accordance with the weather forecast. I left most of my heavy-duty rain gear at home, and rather than go someplace relatively familiar, I decided to scout out a new area one of my bushwhacker friends had mentioned was beautiful and remote.

He was right. The little valley was lush and untouched, since it was Forestry Service land and hard to get to, it had apparently never been logged, though it was rather near other tracts that were being logged. I prowled around in the woods a bit with my shirt off, enjoying the sun dappling through the trees onto my furry torso. Being as furry as I am, and bearded, I'm frequently referred to as a "Bear." I certainly felt like one out paddling around in the woods.

I found myself a spot to pitch my light tent near a stream as the sun began to set. I was in my sleeping bag just beginning to drift off to sleep when the storm moved in. Just heavy rains at first, then wind. I suddenly realized that with the violence of the rain, right next to a stream was the last place I wanted to be. I was hurriedly getting dressed when a branch broke loose and ripped open my tent, fortunately missing me by a hair. "There goes keeping dry," I thought. I quickly stuffed as much as I

Mountain Grizzly

by Furr

could in my pack and draped my sleeping bag over me, both to help shed the water and to help keep me warm.

I was wise to move; the stream was swelling rapidly with the heavy rain. I had just moved to some slightly higher ground when I realized I was going to have trouble finding my way back to my car. I'd come in the daytime, and while I had taken compass readings so I wouldn't get lost, I didn't have a light by which to read my compass. The clouds were heavy, and blocked the light of the moon that might otherwise have enabled me to see the contours of the land enough for my sense of direction to take over.

I recalled a fairly sheltered spot near the top of the ridge I had crossed to enter the valley; if nothing else it would get me away from the stream and all the running water. It might also give me enough of a view to help me navigate, even as dark as it was.

I slogged uphill slowly, the muddy hillside making it tough going, but I finally made it. My nylon shell sleeping bag was helping keep the cold rain off, but it was slowly soaking through, even with the remains of my tent wrapped over it, and would soon be useless to me.

As I stood on the top of the ridge, I scanned the dark night for location cues. I could see nothing—it was too dark. Just as I was trying to find the rock overhang I had

seen earlier, I thought I saw a spark of light somewhere off in the distance. I turned toward it and looked more carefully; it WAS there! I quickly started off toward it.

I was nearly on top of it before I could tell where the light was coming from. It was an actual log cabin tucked in a small clearing. The light came from one of the windows. Without hesitation I went over to the door and knocked.

The door was quickly opened, and I launched into my tale without really looking at who had opened the door. "Excuse me, I was camping in the valley just west of here when the storm started. My tent was ruined by a falling branch, and it's too dark for me to find my way back through the forest to my car..."

"Git in, you're prob'ly half froze!" interrupted a warm rumble from the cabin. I quickly scuttled in, dropping my sodden sleeping bag outside the door. "You ain't dressed for this weather, that's sure. You a tourist?"

"No, I've lived in Seattle for twelve years now, and I camp out a lot. It's just that I made the dumb mistake of believing the weather service when they said it would be clear all weekend." I grinned wryly and looked up for the first time at my host. The kerosene lamp on the table was behind him, so all I could see was that he was BIG, 6'6" at the least, a thick fringe of beard on either side of his face was highlighted by the lamp's glow, but that's really



all I could see I suddenly realized I was beginning to shiver uncontrollably.

"Was kinda silly. But you're shiverin' somethin' awful. We better get you warmed up. You best git them wet clothes off."

Never having been particularly modest about my body I sat down on a chair and quickly started stripping. By the time I was finished, the shivering had gotten so bad I couldn't stay warm. So I realized that I had been suppressing the reaction until now. Now that I was safe, it was surfacing. I was picked up, slipped under a thick, warm comforter and felt my host's big warm body. He was a big, old, tired one and a strong hairy

arm pull me close just before I slipped into a deep sleep.

I awoke the next morning with the sun in my eyes. The storm had cleared. I turned over in bed to find my benefactor lying there watching me. "Wondered when you were gonna wake up! Guess you're entitled to sleep after a night like that, though." I was speechless. I had noticed last night that he was big and bearded, but I'd not been able to notice anything else between the dim light and my cold-dulled mind. Now he was lying nearby in a patch of bright sunlight not a foot away.

Bearded; definitely. His beard came down to just below the collarbone and was equally long and thick on his chest. He was a big, old, tired one and a strong hairy



man who played "Grizzly Adams" on TV. His hair was moderately long curling around the nape of his neck and the tops of his shoulders. All of it was jet black, shot through with strands of pure silver, with denser silver at his temples and chin. A real Grizzly Bear! He was wearing a white union suit that had noticeable sweat marks on it and the top buttons were open enough for me to see a chestful of that same mostly black, silver-accented fur.

He smelled strongly of sweet, spicy manmusk—by far my favorite scent. He must have noticed my sniffing because he jumped up guiltily and sat down across the room. "Sorry 'bout that. Out here in the woods all by m'self, it's such a bother to bathe I don't do it as often as most city folk do I guess. Didn't mean for you to wake up to smelly ol' me."

I found my tongue. "Honestly, it doesn't bother me at all—I think all the perfumes and garbage most 'city folk wear are a lot more objectionable than the way a person smells naturally."

"Well, but I'm awful strong that way I shouldn'ta been so close anyway."

I sat up slowly on the edge of the bed, I still felt rather weak. "Come over here, will you?" He did as I asked. I grabbed one of his beefy arms and pulled myself to my feet. I swiftly raised one of his arms and took a deep,

ballsweat and headcheese as he pushed me back down on the bed and covered me with his body.

Even though he was bearing most of his weight on his arms and legs, I felt his muscular bulk pressing down on me, my entire body tingled from rubbing against his furry skin. His thick moustache brushed my face as he slowly teased my tongue out of my mouth and into his. I could feel him moving slightly as he slowly, gently rubbed his hard cock against my hairy gut, plastering the hairs down with gobs of clear precum.

"Oh baby Bear, it's been so long," he whispered as he hugged me convulsively to his thick chest. "Just lay back there and let me love you . . . let me make you feel good."

I kissed him gently again, then started nibbling on his chin. His head dropped back to give me better access, and he started a low rumbling growl in his throat, I could see that his beard swept down his throat seamlessly into the thick fur on his chest.

"Yes, baby Bear, your grizzly likes that . . ." I worked my way through his beard, sucked on his fur-hidden Adam's apple for a bit, then licked my way back up behind his ear.

I lay back and looked into his eyes. His long fingers stroked my short, neatly trimmed beard and long "cookie-duster" moustache, then trailed down my neck

He straddled my waist and slowly moved forward, plowing his precum-drizzling cock through my thick belly fur.

loving sniff I could feel myself starting to get a hard on. "NOW will you believe it doesn't bother me?"

"I guess I do," he said after a minute. "But it ain't your sniffin' me like you did that convinced me; it's this!" His voice grew husky towards the end of his words, and to illustrate his point he grabbed my now rock-hard cock in a big calloused hand.

He looked deeply into my eyes and moved his face slowly closer to mine. I met him midway with my lips parted as our mouths gently touched. His tongue tentatively slipped out a bit to touch my lips. I caught it and gently drew it deeper into my mouth. His other arm slipped around my shoulders as I began to gently suck on his tongue and tease it with my own.

He eased me back down onto the bed as he slowly stripped out of his union suit, revealing a husky, well-built rock solid body layered with work-built muscles and thickly carpeted with heavy fur. His cock was hard, too, and a beauty—about average in length, but thick through the head, and growing wider all the way down. Fully hard as he was, his foreskin still covered most of his cockhead, with just the tip peeking out of the fold of skin. His balls were big lowhangers in a thickly furred ballsack. I caught a whiff of the slightly sharper scent of

to stroke the dark fur covering my pecs, to gently fondle my ringed nipples.

"Daddy Bear please . . . let me taste your cock, Grizzly Bear!"

He straddled my waist and slowly moved forward, plowing his precum-drizzling cock through my thick belly fur. He stopped with his knees in my armpits and his cock resting in the furry valley between my pecs. He then leaned forward until his hard cock was bobbing up and down with the beat of his heart less than an inch from my mouth.

I began to nurse on the bare tip of his cock while I slowly slipped my tongue into the depths of his foreskin, which I soon discovered to be full of tangy, tasty headcheese. I eventually slipped his skin back and rubbed his cock across my 'stache so that I'd carry the scent of his cockcheese with me for a while. The sensation of my thick, soft moustache rubbing just behind the rim of his cockhead made him shudder and emit a deep rumble of pleasure.

I started sucking his cock again, slowly working my way down his shaft. Since the head of his cock was so damn wide, I couldn't swallow it and get all the way to the base, so I had to content myself with sucking on what I

could, and taking a break now and again to work my way through the fur on his balls and give them a gentle sucking

After a while of this, I began to grow tired again, not yet fully recovered, I guess. Grizzly pulled back a bit, then started rubbing his cock back and forth through the thick pelt between my pecs. Just before he drenched me from nose to nipples in wad after wad of thick logger-cum he was really thumping his meat into my chest, and I couldn't help but wonder what he'd be like with that fat rammer up my ass.

I drifted off as Grizzly rubbed his cum into my chest and beard and woke up later to some delicious smells. He'd prepared a late breakfast, and I ate like a starved wolf, each of us watching the other with a lecherous grin. After we ate, he came over and permitted me to lick the last traces of syrup from his moustache, and he cuddled me until I fell asleep again.

"Wake up, sleepyhead. Dinner's on!"

Instead of in bed, I ate at the table, still staring into Grizzly's eyes. After dinner, he insisted I lie back down rather than help him tidy up, and when he started caressing me like I was fragile glass, I got a little pissed.

"Look, Grizzly—I'm not gonna break! I was cold and tired out from the night, not from a lifetime's worth of the good food and rest, so if you wanna get rowdy, be my guest! I like things a little rough, as a matter of fact."

He smiled at me. "Guess I wasn't sure yet if you were truly real."

With that, he dove down under me, yet not started tickling my back. This quick evasive movement was a match that proved the better of us. Grizzly was as both dipping swiftness and rolling fluidity as a Grizzly bear. I, however, was more of a brute, a brute who thrived on order and rhythm. I was startled and Grizzly sitting triumphantly on my ass. It made an excellent nightcap, as we both fell asleep almost as soon as the laughter wore off and we had calmed down enough to be comfortable.

My first sensation the next morning was a couple of fingers playing with my asshole; that went away and I drifted back towards sleep, only to be jolted to full awakesness as Grizzly rammed every millimeter of his fat cock up my sleep-relaxed asshole and started fucking me fast and hard.

"What the fuck!!"

"You said you liked it rough, I'm findin' out whether that's true or not."

"Oh, SHIT!" Grizzly's hands were firmly clamped on my shoulders, his pulling in syncopation with the powerful thrusts from his thick tree-climbing logger's legs to ram his fuckrod up my asshole. I was fortunate in that he had lubed both of us up well beforehand, and my ass was relaxed when he first shoved his cock in. With those powerful arms holding me in place, I knew I would only go where he wanted me to, his superior strength having been amply demonstrated by the earlier wrestling match.

It suddenly dawned on me that I really didn't want to get loose. . . That thumping prick had started to feel really good up my butt, and it seemed that my body fit Grizzly's very well in this position, and even better as his hands slid down my arms to pin my wrists to the bed, and

I could feel his sweaty, hairy chest rubbing up and down my back with each fast powerful thrust.

I could hear him breathing heavily in my ear as he licked the back of my neck and nibbled my ears and the edges of my beard. Suddenly he growled, "Damn, I wanna see what I'm fuckin'!"

Before I could really register the motion, his cock was out of my ass, I was flipped over knees hooked over his furry shoulders, and he was back inside plowing me deep. This time, however, I could look into his eyes and watch his face as he fucked me.

"Ooh, yeah, Cubby-hole, that's much better, yeah. . . I wanna watch your handsome fuckin' bearded face while I fuck hell out of your furry Bear butt!"

I was beyond coherent speech with his hot dick ramming up my ass, while my hard rod was being rubbed back and forth through his thick bellyfur. It wasn't long after he flipped me over before I moaned, grunted, and added a big load of my cum to the sweat lubricating our hairy chests as they ground together.

When the scent of my cum reached Grizzly's brain he started fucking even harder and started mumbling in my ear again. "Yah, Cubby-hole. . . shot yer fuckin' cum between our hairy Bear chests mixin' it up with all that fatty sweat. . . yah, baby Bear, yah, I'm gonna do the same, yeah. . . yeah. . . Oohh!"

Just before he came, he pulled out of my battered rump and started grinding his hairy, sweaty pubes. His firm wall pressed into the base of my neck and the rest of my body. I was rapidly worked into the sweaty heat of his hairy chest. He rubbed my head from behind, his hairy hands pinning my head to the ground, his hairy chest rubbing my back. "That's it, Cubby-hole. . ."

What a fuckin' cut. . . I was rapidly supple as I came into my mouth for the first time. I was surprised at myself. After all, I was a bear, a triple mutant bear. I had a very hairy body, but I was so lucky.

Definitely I said, breaking the kiss, "But let's get some of this mess cleaned off before it dries and makes our fur itch!"

"Good idea, Cub. Put on a pair of these slippers so the dry needles on the ground won't punch holes in your feet, and we'll go get cleaned up."

He let me out of the house into the warm morning sun and out to a slatted wooden platform under a tank. Obviously this was his shower, and with the difficulty involved in filling the tank with passably warm water, I could understand why he showered so infrequently.

"Y'all just kneel down here, and we'll get ya cleaned off."

"Kneel?" I thought, but I followed his bidding. Several moments later I wasn't terribly surprised to have a stream of what was obviously hot piss hit me in the face. I quickly scrubbed the cum out of my beard and sluiced off my chest, not knowing how long the "shower" would last. I finished before Grizzly did, and I just stayed there enjoying the warmth of the piss cascading over me.

"Always did love gettin' pissed on, Grizzly. Thanks for the shower!"

"MUCH less trouble than heatin' water and filin' the regular shower. Your turn to do me, Cub. After I wash m'beard out, hit me at the top of my chest, OK?"

"Got ya."

It took me quite a while to get started, but Grizzly knelt there patiently until I did . . . and when I did, I zapped him right between the eyes! I quickly got the stream under control and watched raptly as he washed that long, black and silver beard, then that thickly furred, beautifully built body in my stream of light, golden piss.

I nearly jumped out of my slippers when the moment he finished washing, his head snapped forward and his mouth trapped the now semi-soft head of my dick. He immediately started gulping down my piss as fast as I could give it, and with an expression of sheer rapture on his face.

"First lesson, Cub. THAT'S what you're supposed to do with the extra!"

"Got it, Daddy Grizzly."

The rest of the day, much of the night, and Sunday morning was spent in cuddling talking and discovering that our sexual tastes were extremely compatible. Among other things I learned Grizzly's real name (which he hates violently, so I just call him Grizzly), and that although his simple speech pattern makes him sound uneducated, he possesses a degree in forest management—which explains his job as a timber scout. (A

I laid back, and he settled his ass on my face before bending forward. I was rubbing my beard through the thick forest of sweaty assfur when I felt him take the tip of my dick in his mouth. I could feel his thick, soft moustache along the underside of my cockhead; I was rock-hard before he had worked his way down half an inch. That thick moustache working ever so slowly down the sensitive underside of my cock drove me crazy with lust and I was soon slurping away at Grizzly's tasty rump working my tongue deep in his furry butt as he swallowed my cock and rubbed his 'stache against my balls.

My hands were rubbing through the fur on his back as he picked up speed in his cocksucking, and I tried to drive my tongue deeper into his hot, sweet asshole.

"Grizzly Bear, I'm gonna cum!"

"Mmm!"

Just before I shot, he pulled off my cock, wrapped his long beard around my pole, and stroked it maybe twice before I shot all over that moustache that had just been driving me wild. He sat up, driving my tongue deeper into him, and started jerking off.

"Yah, Cub, eat that butt . . . your Daddy Bear likes the smell of your Cub cum all over his 'stache . . . Oooh, good

That thick moustache working ever so slowly down the sensitive underside of my cock drove me crazy with lust and I was soon slurping away at Grizzly's tasty rump.

timber scout is the man who decides where, how and what trees will be cut.)

"I've gotta tel ya Cub, it's been hard for me to get along out here, without a Cub for company. I've tried some of those gay bars—nothin' I'd call man or Cub in any of 'em."

"You were in the wrong places . . . I know one where every Bear in the place would be drooling over you . . . and you'd like the scenery. Fur and beards all around. Tell you what, Daddy Bear, I can see right now that neither of us is going to give up their current living situation however hot we are for each other. So I'll spend my weekends out here with you—as long as I can occasionally bring you to town and show you where the city Bears romp."

"Sounds like I've got a bright Cub on my hands; that'll also keep us hot for each other . . . it's easy to take something precious for granted if it becomes too familiar."

"True enough, Grizzly. Now, before I leave this evening, I want a taste of that sweaty ass of yours I've been smelling all weekend . . ."

" . . . and I want to show you what this thick 'stache of mine does to a Cub's cock!"

" . . . Someday when you're ready, Cub, I know this . . . yeah! . . . cleanng, we can put up that sling you've got . . . Ahh . . . yeah, you can watch my hairy arm go up your furry butt, boybear! Yeah, yeah, YEAH!"

Grizzly's fantasy of breaking me in as a fist bottom (which was hotter in reality than as a fantasy . . . but that's another story) sent my beard across his sensitive asshole, my chin slightly stretching his sphincter, which set him off shooting his usual enormous load across my chest.

"Now, Cub," he said as he rubbed his load into my chest, "I want you to let that dry, and take the itch home for the rest of the evening as a reminder to get your hairy ass back to me next weekend!"

"Yes, Daddy!"

It was only a 45-minute drive back to the city, so I arrived in time for the end of the Sunday beer bust at my favorite "Bear Bar." When one of my friends saw my rather disheveled state he said, "Shit that storm Friday night must really have fucked up your camping!"

"No way! Best trip I've had in a long time!"


"Doesn't look like it to me . . . what made it so great?"

Scratching my plastered-down chest fur absently, I grinned wryly and said, "Oh, I got mauled by a Mountain Grizzly . . ."

□

Watermelon SHOTGUN

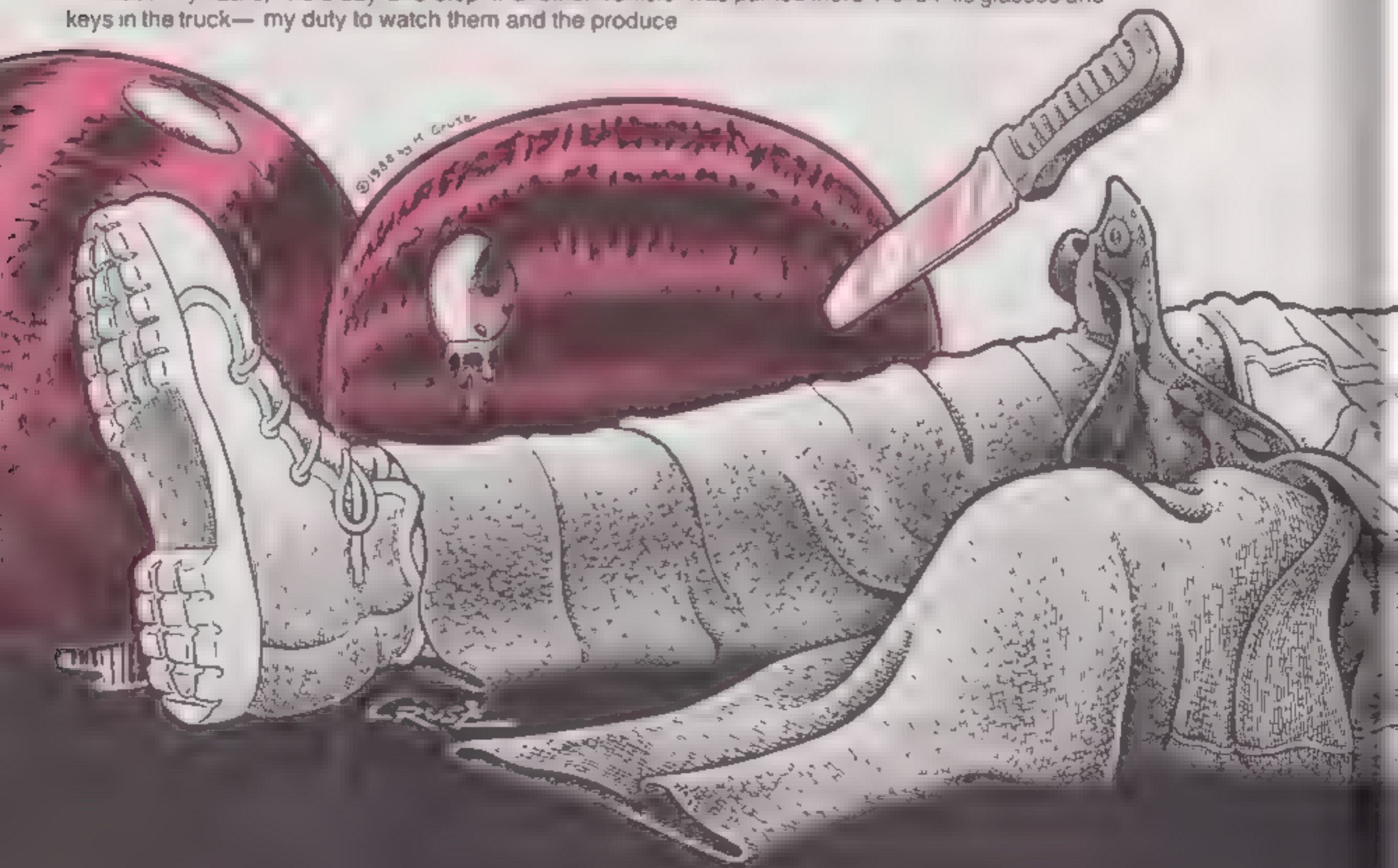
by
Bart
Washington

 iding watermelon shotgun, we called it—traveling the hundred miles with whichever brother was eighteen or older to the Atlanta Farmers Market. Ben with Les. Carl with Ben. Me with Carl. We hauled other vegetables, too—greens in the spring, cantalopes and corn (along with watermelons) in the summer, field peas, turnips, and collards in the fall. My riding (like Carl's before me) started when I was sixteen when daddy and mama said we reached manhood—and should see the world.

A steadily hard dick told me I had reached it at 12 when I started jacking Carl off under the bed covers. I shot my first frantic load to his grease on my pecker. And I knew then that he fucked Bobby Lee Bizard from down the road. I peeped into the Bizard outhouse and saw Bobby Lee, his head bowed into the crap hole, while Carl—his glasses off—hunched until his buddy's kneecaps were raw. My only fucking before sixteen was Bossy—a heifer I fed double to get her to stand still—and plugged watermelons a most boiling in summer heat. With my pocketknife, I'd cut out a hole just big enough for a five-, then six-, then seven-inch dick. I fingered the hole till some of the warm wine seeped out. Then I fucked the me on hard—called it Bobby Lee, Bertha Jean, his sister, from life, and Batman's Robin and Tony Dow, from TV.

Though Carl went steady with Louise Brogans during the week, I suspected he was fucking on our trips. There was a wide place, thirty miles from home, where truckers stopped to take a leak or a walk down into bushes. Carl's crotch grew as we neared it.

'Breed my lizard,' he'd say and stop if another vehicle was parked there. He left his glasses and keys in the truck—my duty to watch them and the produce.





I wondered what I could do if I wanted to pee, but Carl ignored me to strut half-blind into the bushes.

Most times he was out in fifteen minutes, brushing his crotch for piss (or cum?). His face was often red, his talk high and strange.

Once he stayed an hour and I was halfway down the hill to collect a corpse when he shot out of kudzu. "You leave 'em watermelons? Rogues come along steal us blind."

"I thought you's dead," I didn't tell him I had seen a dangerous looking man at the edge of the bushes—waving a hard dick like a pistol and curling his trigger finger.

If Carl came out with a scowl on his face, it meant a long wait at TRUCKERS EAT-. (The S had fallen off.) A four-pump station, twenty-stool cafe. And a men's room with three doorless booths and a urinal.

"Go on first," Carl told me, and I would sneak into a booth (a different one each time) to read the strange habits of men on the road. Some I understood. (Show hard for suck. Stick dick through hole. Fuck my wife while I watch.) Others I couldn't figure out. (Blow? 68, 69? Sit on my face. Stuff my mouf? Sticks and stones may break my bones, but Quoirs will never suck me? The only known cocksucker in our

their little boys in.) I knew the place had a whole row of toilets that faced the showers. I had overheard truckers say that if you knew Black Tony who ran the place, you could get a bed in back. "For a nap," a trucker said, and laughed until he coughed.

Carl said the back room was for haggling over the price of future produce.

I spent hours watching men enter and leave the mysterious john. I got to know many faces—among them a shoe salesman who called me the best-looking young man in Georgia. (He chain-smoked and scratched his crotch a lot.) A preacher who brought picnics of fried chicken. When he wasn't inside, he was sucking on fried breast of chicken and watching the door like a hawk. If a young man sauntered into that room, he sucked fingers and hurried in.

A gunny-sack over my lap, I watched the men come and go—some shakey and scared, some grinny and cocky. If Angel went in, I shot, cocked or uncocked.

When Carl came out (around midnight), he looked as drained as he had when some woman gave him clap or siff. (Daddy and mama wouldn't let me know, but the Blizards said siff. Dr. Waters cured him of it, whatever.)

Carl still stopped at The Wide Place if a truck was parked there. Went (stark blind, at night) into the bushes for another helping of what he was getting.

Back in our bed, I touched his dick. He flinched and turned over and growled like a bear. He was no use to any of us for two full days.

county was Lamar Parry, quoir director of the Baptist Church.) Once a finger curled at a hole, but I jacked and squirted a white circle on the floor. And ran like hell.

Carl took longer. And he usually had that half-blush when he got back to the truck.

I made the mistake of asking, "D.d ya stuff his mouf?"

He threatened not to let me ride watermelon shotgun any more.

With weak eyes, he had to start keeping his mind on vehicles. Cars and trucks whizzing by and around like they owned all Georgia. And we never even went into Atlanta. The Farmers' Market was on the west side, in Mountain View, but it was a city in itself—trucks upon trucks and row upon row of shed where farmers sold their produce. (We contracted ours to Danny and Angel Spro, whose daddy owned a lot of stores.) Angel was the first real man (not on T.V.) that I fell in love with. He'd wink at me and, when no one else was watching, he'd bunch his dick and balls and pull them. He had swarthy skin and black hair crawling out of every hole in his clothes. And eyelashes longer than some peckers.

Most times he was out in fifteen minutes, brushing his crotch for piss (or cum?). His face was often red, his talk high and strange.

Once he stayed an hour and I was halfway down the hill to collect a corpse when he shot out of kudzu. "You leave 'em watermelons? Rogues come along steal us blind."

Once we unloaded the truck, Carl let me sit in the driver's seat and guard his glasses and the keys while he took his bath towel and went to the big unmarked restroom for truckers. (Children weren't allowed, he said, and directed me to the little john in the restaurant, but I saw daddies take

"That long drive," he told mama. "Wears me to a frazzle."

"His eyes," mama said. "Headaches."

"Ast ye brothers to help," daddy said for the two older and married in town.

"We can make it," I said. And he was ready to ride, come Saturday and the truck loaded with Dixie Belle melons.

"Ain't fair," said Buford, our little brother (13). "I never get to go nowheres."

That trip was one of our longest. Carl spent over an hour at The Wide Place. Five trucks, and all their drivers in the woods. My mind concocted a daisy chain (though I didn't then know the term) and undressed each man as he sneaked out of the bushes. (Some weren't worth the trouble, but then Carl's eyes . . .)

At TRUCKERS EAT-, I read all the new sayings in an empty john. I was standing by the urinal, eye-level to I Want Teenage Cock. Call 404-392 . . ., when I heard footsteps on gravel, then on the cement walk. A tall cowboy clicked in and stood at the first john (doorless and siderless).

"Hot as hell," he said and pulled out a beautiful hose with a jaw-breaker of a bulb.

I mumbled something. Stood closer to the urinal, my barn-door not even open.

"You drivin' 'at load of meions?" he asked.

"Bruu," I stammered. Then, "Brother," my eyes glued to his growing cock—bigger than Carl's, bigger than any I'd ever seen.

"Where you gone?" he asked. He wasn't about to piss that hose—hard now and doing a hootchie-kootchie.

"A'lanner," I said. "Farmers' Market."

"Ye ever took took a shower bath in 'at men's room?" He

pulled out apple-sized balls to tease my eyes more

"Good time place," he said and winked. "You lose ye soap, you better not bend over to get it." And double-winked.

I fumbled my zipper down and pulled out a cock most men would be proud of

He came to my urinal. Took one of my hands and put it on his monster pole while he fondled my balls and cock

"How ye like 'at fucker?" he asked and nodded to his meat

My tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth.

"Lick it," he said

I shook my head no while my dick throbbed in his hand

"Like this." He bent waist-up and took my dick and balls into his hot wet mouth. He withdrew before I could shoot. Winked. "Try it," he said

I knelt. Took the bu b into my mouth. Tongued the rings of foreskin in back of it. Gathered a day of musty sweat.

"Hell, man, you're a natchrul," he said. He hunched an inch in

I took two inches more

Footsteps started on gravel. Maybe they wouldn't . .

I boiled over into his hand. Some of my cum ran through his fingers. Some he used to grease his balls

The footsteps reached cement. One. Two . . .

I pulled my mouth away just as he gushed onto the floor. Enough cum to grease an iron skillet

I butted the door, almost knocked down a codger with a dog

My legs jerked. My heart spread to crowd my lungs

Carl and the gas boy were leaning onto tanks.

I got into the truck Carl had parked in the shade

The codger came out. Let his dog shit on the cement walk

Carl went into the john. He stayed a long time with the big-dicked man. I was tempted to take my new hard back in, put it into that red mouth, but I told it down and housed it

Carl didn't say a word about the man—just put his glasses on and looked at my crotch and said, "Zip yore barn-door up, goddamn it."

He stared straight ahead until we pulled into the Farmers' Market. He showed the guard our license and then drove to Shed 6, Section 14, where we sold to the Spiros and unloaded the melons, one by one

"How's pussy in the country?" Angel asked Carl, but winked at me

"Same's in the city," Carl said

"How's that?" Angel said.

"It all stanks," said Carl

Carl and Danny settled up while I folded the tarpaulins, fastened the tailgate

Angel said low, so the others couldn't hear, "We missed one "

I tip-toed to look see

He leaned into me and patted my butt. "The best one," he whispered. "Just ripe." He flicked his first right finger against my ass—the way to thump a melon.

I trembled in my boots. To wallow with Angel Spiro? Those black eyes. Curly hair crawling over head and out of his neck and shirt sleeves. A face to match the best myths in

textbooks.

I stuttered some fool-ass thing before Carl got into the truck to haul me to my long wait outside the unmarked john.

Carl took his towel. "Stay here," he said.

And like a fool I did. Watched the preacher nibble on chicken. Watched the shoe salesman chain-smoke. A new little man picked at a sore on his arm and then at the bulge of his crotch. A huge-nosed man—Zucchini, he was called—stuck his nostrils into the air, as if to smell men ten miles down the road

I ate the sandwiches mama had packed for me. Played with my dick when any man resembling Angel passed in or out of my line of vision.

The rest of the summer was much the same. With the

coming of fall, the trips were few. In winter, none. Carl said he was too old to sleep with a brat, so daddy bought him a Beautyrest of his own. Buford moved in with me. I dry-hunched him between his legs and dreamed of Angel. Let him jack me off and bathe his growing dick—which promised to be bigger than mine or Carl's could ever be

The first truck load (mustard, turnip greens), he whined again to go, but daddy told him to wait out his manhood

"Shoot," he said and ran to hide in the toilet

"One more year," I warned Carl, speeding in a 25 M.P.H. zone. He'd have to give up the wheel when I turned eighteen.

Angel was back, a new moustache adding to his hair. While Carl was talking to Danny, he tested my butt again. "Full ripe," he said. His red tongue darted through his lip hair

I got a hard without a warning crawl.

Carl herded me to the truck and jerk-drove to the mystery room. He took his towel from the glove compartment. "Here," he reminded me. He pointed to the keys. His glasses.

"May get me a hamburger," I said.

"You do, you lock up good and keep one hand on 'em keys. Even in ye pocket."

I watched a handsome trucker follow Carl into the john. I hardened to think of my brother stark naked, with a circle of eyes hungry for his butt, his chest, his balls, and dangling dick. But I didn't dare go see.

Black Tony came out and put a bucket in front of the door. I had figured that one out—a guard against strangers while men inside went at it

My hand trembled as it locked the cab. I pocketed the keys and headed in the opposite direction—to Shed 6, Space 14

Angel saw me from a distance. He stared beyond the occupied sheds to where the big Florida trucks sometimes parked, for their drivers to sleep.

I walked on by without Danny noticing me. I leaned against a shed and waited—my cock oozing at possibilities.

Angel walked by as if he didn't see me. Then he crooked a finger for me to follow—to hunker low and crawl with him

under a shed floor where the only light came through the cracks above

I expected a ripping off of clothes and a gobble, but he pulled me gently to him and ran his moustache over my forehead, my chin, neck. Shoulderblades. Then he brushed my lips sideways. Up and down. Lingered on the cleft of my chin

He breathed my lips open for a hint of tongue—then a quick red darting. I squirmed for more, and he plunged in. Fucked my head with a tongue long and tapering toward my tonsils.

From my jerks, he could tell I was ready to explode, so he withdrew to concentrate on unbuttoning my shirt. "Raspberries," he said for my small nipples. He sucked them until they were strawberries, aching

"Hazeinut," he said for my navel and sucked it outward for its salt

My pants down to my knees, he breathed waves into my cock hair. Licked my balls, my thighs covered in blond fuzz his moustache caught in

My cock was head-dancing. He slowed again. To pull his shirt off and hover over me so I could butt nose and tongue into the hair that smelled of work sweat. I licked through mats for the red swollen tits. I slobbered the lather of his armpits

My tongue plowed through brambles to his hard cock—its head the color of his tits. He turned around so that my mouth could hold onto his dick and balls—dripping sweat—while he swallowed my nuts and licked the tender flesh below them

"Can you come twice?" he whispered. "I'm going to fuck that sweet melon, but if you can come twice, we'll . . ."

I pushed my cock head into his face while I swallowed his short horn, hard as rock. I kept thinking I might gag, but he pulled his cock out an inch and whispered "Ready?" and I nodded into his stream and the three short jerks of cum which tasted just like his body—salty, hair-coddled

He held my burning spunk in his rich red mouth. Licked his moustache white with it and brought it to my lips to give me a taste

With him tonguing my own cum into my lips, I never lost my hard. And what he did next seemed to make my dick grow backwards into my ass.

He rolled me over and spread my butt for a bulls-eye of that tongue. It felt like a tapeworm, learning to crawl home. Then lips, gums, front teeth seemed to be churning and gnawing at my bum-hole, and when he asked me if it felt good, I groaned so loud he slapped my butt to say where we were

Then out with the tongue. Aiming with the dick. "Can you take it?" he asked. Hell, I had had cucumbers bigger. Part of a hammer handle. I bucked as he drove it home—that thick black fur making my ass remember winter. His tongue and moustache now took my face—eyesockets, ears, nose-

holes.

"I'm coming," he said, his hunch as long as it could be—and he gurgled as I too shot onto my chest.

He collapsed into my cum. Almost slept so that when we broke apart, we were stuck.

I was glad to carry his odor off with me

"Next time?" I said.

"If we can break away," he said and shook his head for all the trucks that soon would be parking there. "Walk by, the same way, and I'll try."

I left first—ran as if in the hundred-yard dash—to the truck and Carl leaning onto its hood

"Where the goddamn fuck you been?" he asked

There were no keys in my pockets. I emptied them one by one

He threatened to whip me, then and there, with the chicken preacher looking on, his jowls greasy for a show.

"You try an' I'll coldcock ye," I said. I broke out in tears as soon as I said it, and I added, in hacks, "I hate to kill my brother, but I will if I have to."

He tried to saunter off to the restaurant, but his walk was unsure. It took me till morning crawling under sheds to find the keys.

"See if I ever brang you again, you shit-ass," Carl said.

And fifty miles down the road (with no stops at TRUCKERS EAT- and The Wide Place), he asked "What the fuck you doin' crawlin' under some floor? Goddamn if I don't thank you're crazy?"

I tried all week to make it up to him. Shined his shoes. Waxed the truck. Split all the wood. Took credit for Buford's tilling the peas. But come Saturday morning, after I loaded the truck, he put Buford in the cab next to him.

The address of the Spiros was on every receipt. I wrote Angel that day. Waited by our box to see that the mailboy got it. And I wrote three other times, to tell him how sorry I was I hadn't met him

Buford was full of travel for a week. The cars. The sheds

"Did ye see Angel Spiro?" I asked.

"Did," he said. "He called me a mushymelon. Just ripe"

I got one answer from Angel: "I don't know who you are or what you want. Further harassment will be prosecuted by my attorneys." With his signature

In my day-dreams at night, I told him to go stick it. Yet I jacked off to his face.

At the end of two weeks, mama said I could go. "He's worked fingers to th' bone."

Carl didn't speak until he parked at The Wide Place. "You set still," he warned

I moved over to the driver's side. Let my elbow rest in the window.

Some salesman sidled up and looked into the truck. Stared at my crotch and talked about hot times in the old town at night.

He darted off when he saw Carl coming.

"Why you talkin' to that faggot?" Carl asked.

"What's a faggot?" I asked.

"A goddamn cocksucker," he said.

I waited five minutes and then asked, "What's a cocksucker?"

"Goddamn, you are dumb," he said.

At TRUCKERS EAT-, I got firsts. Not much there. I sat in the middle stall, a cock-poke hole on the one walled side.

Some granddaddy came in and sat to my right. He stuck a little purple peter through the hole.

I lost the boner I was building.

Carl stayed in a long time. I hoped he was giving cock instead of taking it.

I reminded him to put his glasses on when he got back. And I read the time to show him we were late.

He reminded me that I was still shotgun.

Angel Spiro was not at the shed when we unloaded the produce. His brother said he was lolling.

He could loll in hell, for all I cared.

Carl thought he was Mr. Big by keeping the keys (and locking the truck). He walked to the john, drawing gawkers like flies.

I waited as long as I could—my cock leaving wet spots on the crotch of my levis. I eased on into the mystery room—to hell with Carl.

He must have been in the back. At least I couldn't make him out in the dim light (one tiny bulb for a big room).

No one was using the four showers. Two men were standing next to each other at a line of urinals. When they saw I was too young to be a cop, they jacked at each other's riled dicks.

The third stall had a door on it and it was unoccupied. I slipped in and pulled the door to. I squirmed my levis down just enough to get my hand into my crotch. I let my eyes adjust right, left, through holes big enough to take most heads.

To the left, I could see only a beautiful hairy ass. It was hunching its dick into the hole of the next booth. Muscles bunched for quick jabs, relaxed for longer strokes.

The right booth held two men—the chicken preacher and a big bruiser I had seen drive up in an eighteen-wheeler. The preacher, on his knees, was bathing the trucker's balls and half-hard tube. Then the trucker turned and opened the moist crack of his ass.

Dinner time, you cunt," he said, loud enough to bring the two men from the urinals. They stood just beyond the large crack in my door. Held their cocks back from firing while they took turns peeping in on me and at the chicken eater who was taking the ass and meanness of that trucker. "Eat that hair cake," he said. "You thick-lipped cunt. You slime-face slut."

And that silly chicken man asked for more. When the trucker's dick gave a small stream of piss, he caught the last of it and then gobbled as the eighteen-wheeler took what seemed like a half-hour to piss his pecker into the big red mouth—pinching his foreskin closed and building a huge bulb for the chicken man to whine for—then bathing his face in it before he gave him a drink and then built up more. "You ain't gone dribble on my boots, are ye, cunt-mouth?" he said. "Ye ain't gone lose one drip?"

Chicken man whined. Gaped wider.

Carl warned me once to stay away from that fucker, and I had, yet my load was burning up the shaft of my dick. I stood up. Slung open the door. Let my dick wave to attention—all seven inches.

One of the watchers scurried into my booth to hold my

dick in his hand. "That thang's hot as fire," he said.

I nodded to his head that looked a lot like Elvis, before he died, but it was on the stump of a Conway Twitty.

"Larkin?" he said, and his big-nosed buddy came, too. It was Zucchini who liked to sniff air.

Elvis-head took my dick and stretched his jaws to include balls. Larkin stuck the tip of his nose through my sphincter. Then got both nostrils in. Let them flare. He breathed air into and out of my butt hole.

I kept thinking I was losing control. Losing control. My body, heart down, was jerking and I was gushing a choke into Elvis-head and back-hunching Larkin's nose into snout and smother.

Somehow I knew the eighteen-wheeler was shooting into the preacher's mouth. That the black-haired ass to my left was pushing out his load. I threw my head back and gurgled what could have been mistaken for the death rattles.

Larkin nose-fucked even harder, and Elvis-head kept calf-pulling the juice from my dick, but I pushed them off, the door shut, and I trembled down to keep from fainting.

The back door opened and three sets of footsteps sounded. Two made their way out. The third—Carl's stride, I could tell—took the last booth.

I bowed my head, as if to hide, but not for long. The large hole to my left was filled with the hairy asshole and two good fourth-moons of flesh.

My dick rose so fast it hurt.

A young trucker entered. I heard him fumble for the showers. ("Where's a goddamn light?" he asked.) I opened my door to watch him pull off everything and turn on the shower head just across from me. He got enough water to soap himself up and to give him a hup-two hard-on.

"How's the trip?" Carl asked in a kind voice I remembered from some lost Christmas.

"Dusty, man," the trucker said. He played with his boner that equaled the one the eighteen-wheeler was waving from his booth.

I had plenty on my left to keep me busy. I spat into my right hand and rubbed the juice into the hairy hole. I stuck a finger in, to test the temperature. The heat would have broken records. Two fingers and the ass pulled as if a dick was on my hand.

I put the real boner in just as I removed the fingers. The ass bucked. Pushed. I thought the partition would fall down.

I couldn't see all on the other side, but I could tell Carl had gone to the shower. ("Hell, they never have no hot water," he said, to the trucker's, "That cock of yours could melt ice.")

I pulled halfway out. Watched Carl's red-knob split the white butt of the young trucker who had Elvis-head gulping for his dick and shower water.

I hunched back into business. "Fuck it, baby," said the man at the end of the hairy ass. "Grease my ass, baby. Grease me good."

That voice was familiar, but from where? I tried to place

face to ass, voice to both, while I gave him what he wanted

"Clap?" he said, and "Who'd you get it from?", his chops swelling into sweat.

"Don't know," I said, all spread-eagle while he looked

He played with my dick. To get a specimen, he said. He started naming loose women.

I shook my head no to each name and to the boner I was building but didn't want.

"Fonda Jones?" he said and jacked me three times hard.

"You pulled those panties out of her crack? You stuck this bald-headed driver into the slick lips of that hair-pie. How old are you, boy? This cock says twenty. You hunched that big ole dick in slow. Then you wanted to stick it all the way through her—a bullet to squirt out her ass and into China. You drove and drove."

I shot onto the floor, not onto his little glass slide. And the clap caught pain in my balls.

He wheezed and coughed and got back his voice. And his needle pushed hard into my ass.

"Another shot Wednesday," he said. And, "No charge, but stay away from rotten pussy."

I got back my position as watermelon shotgun, in time for field peas and fall greens, when the trips were few.

I fucked still, but never without a rubber—and I carried extras for those men who entered my head or butt. I wrote on the walls of the unmarked john, "Angel Spiro gives clap."

If Carl saw me in the big john, he never mentioned it. He walked right by me while I was high-fucking a farmer, and I walked by him. I never acknowledged acquaintance, much less kin.

In the dead of winter, with no trips to make, he married Louise Brogans. They moved into her daddy's tenant house. I turned eighteen and now was King of the Road, with Buford as my shotgun.

He was ready, too, for I caught him hunching an unripe Dixie Belle melon. And our latest heifer—Bossy II—had the droops, as if from too much poking.

On our first trip to the Farmers' Market, I braced up to say: "Buford, you're already a man." And to his blush, "You can shoot as good as the next. Now, mama and daddy's gone tell you never stick your pole into nothin' you ain't married to. I know you'd poke it in anything that's hot and half-alive. Ain't I right?"

Blush on blush told me I was

I breathed hard, three times, and continued, "In our travels you gone see plenty. You gone do all kinds of things."

His britches were growing, and he stuck his head out the window, as if to fan it.

"You gone meet men who want to suck your pecker."

"I know," he said. "I ain't stupid."

I didn't stop at The Wide Place, nor at TRUCKERS EAT-, but when we drove into that huge market—hundreds of trucks and hundreds of truckers. Boots. Asses bent tight for labor. Cocks worn right. Worn left. Rich mouths in grin. Winks. Saunters. I took my billfold out and handed him two gold-sealed rubbers.

"Gimme some flesh," he said and held out both hands. We slapped an unsure, but honest, bargain. □

Meanwhile, the eighteen-wheeler pulled at the butt I used to watch while it slept—but now Carl's cheeks were bunched into knots as he plowed, plowed. Eighteen-wheeler knelt to that butt and on a pull-out, he pried the cheeks apart and spat three times into the hole.

On Carl's next pull-out, the man stuck a long finger in and held. Butt cheeks relaxed again for a hard dick entry—and for Carl's groan.

I pulled my dick out to keep from shooting.

"Don't stop now, man," the voice pleaded. "I'm slick. I'm ready."

I gave the working hole fingers while I watched the three men in the shower find a rhythm—with Elvis-head on his knees taking all that motion and chicken man trying to get a lick now and then from anything that dangled.

"Stuff that dick back in," my man said.

"Hell, that's Angel Spiro," said the young trucker. "He's been in here all his vacation."

Now face, ass, and voice became one. "Harassment," I hissed as I gave him a little back—one hard dick and half a hand.

I could hear all that was happening in the shower, and see some of it. Elvis-head choking on the gush of the young trucker. Carl's gurgle—"I'm gone shoot my balls off."

"I'm gone blow them cheeks apart," said the eighteen-wheeler, his strokes sounding like slaps in some schoolroom whipping. "I'm gone blow that hard-hunching ass off."

Angel whined the way Bobby Lee Blizzard had when Carl stuck his head in the crap seat.

Without words, I gave him a whole fist and a pecker and as soon as I shot, I pushed him away and pulled my door to.

"Again," Angel pleaded. "Do it again." His eyes glazed on some drug, he didn't even know me.

I looked through the crack straight ahead at Carl patting the young trucker on the butt. At the eighteen-wheeler patting Carl.

Carl got dressed and left. I gave him a few minutes and then went out into the blinding sun.

He didn't see me coming. And talk was little on our way home.

"Ye see Angel?" Buford asked me, late that night.

"Fuck Angel," I said.

"You're just jealous," he said.

And I was the one "fucked," for near the end of the week I was dripping from my dick and didn't know what to do.

I claimed a gut-ache to keep away from the Market. "Go," I said to Buford.

I hitched into town to see Dr. Waters.

He played with my seeping pecker. "Like your brother," he said. He rolled my balls around as if to throw seven-come-eleven. Butt-fucked me with a rubbered finger.

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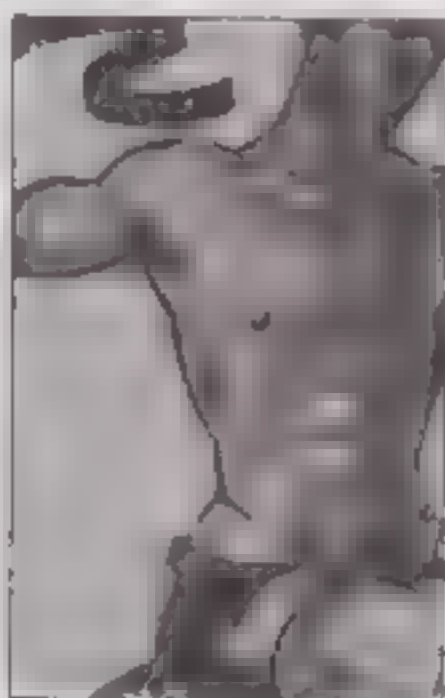
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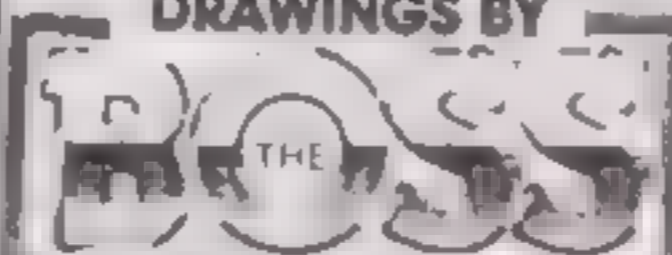
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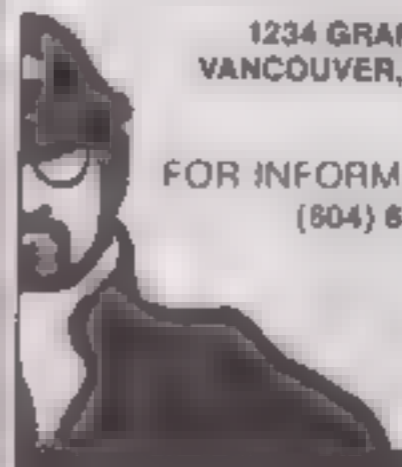
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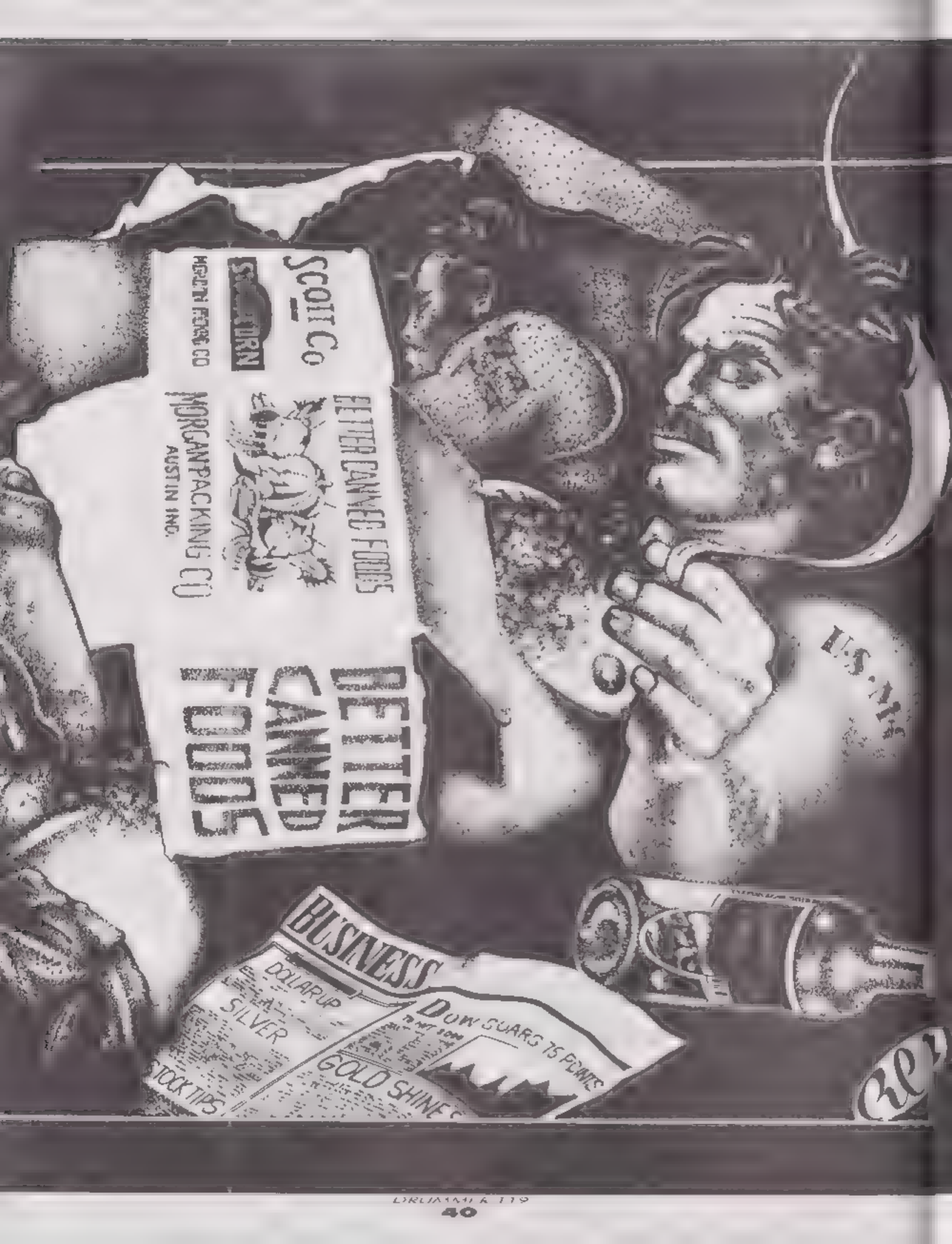
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HOUNDED

by Jay Shaffer

I will try anything once. When I succeed I get bored and move on. When I don't I take some other route. I never stay anyplace long.

The man driving this truck

The dog on the back of him doesn't talk at all. Behind us

lunks old abandoned beside this road. Everything I need is in a couple

and my duffel bag. They're back in the bed. The tops of the boxes show in the w

and quiet. No people. He hasn't told me if he has a woman. I don't think so. I watched him buy supplies in the last town I passed. Nothing that a woman would

thing more than he had to. Just bought what he wanted and left.

or them go together. Look at the dog. I'd say he's

head in the man's. Dog's ears are perked. His hair

dog stopped

was stuck. I didn't flag them. I don't ask for help much. He asked if I needed a ride back to town. I told him I didn't. He told me my axle was broken.

I told him I knew that. I told him I'd planned on driving until the car died anyway. Then I had figured to stop and find some work and stay for a while. "Route 66" was all he said. I told him my old Ford was a long shot away from being a Corvette. He laughed and said he liked me and he figured he could take me on. The dog looked me over.

We loaded my stuff in the truck and took off.

I don't know their names. I don't guess I need to. I can call the dog "Dog." I can call the man "Harry." His pelt is almost the same color as the dog's. Ears are perked. Dark brown and thick hair on his arms. Darker and thicker on his chest. It shows through the neck of his button-down undershirt. His beard is the darkest and thickest of all. His moustache covers his mouth. His eyebrows seem to meet at the top of his nose. The hair on his head is straight and long and a dark gold brown that turns almost red in the sunlight and falls into his ears and his eyes.

He smokes cigars. I can smell them in this cab. He sweats a lot and he doesn't often shower. Breathing deep near him gets my dick hard. The dog has a clean dog smell that makes me feel at home.

I look out my window at trees going by. Natural screens. I like it out here. Nobody watching over your shoulder. Nobody breathing down your neck. Nobody telling you what to do. Harry grunts and shifts his weight on the seat. Dog sits up and stretches and yawns. I look over at them to ask how much longer. I keep my mouth shut.

Harry has his fly popped open. Dark fur pops out like the stuff on his chest. He digs down inside with one hand. Pulls out a thick dick. Uncut. He's still soft. He's not looking to jerk it. Even so I see its veins. My mouth waters. I'll jerk it for him. My cock tries to break through my pants. I'll jerk it with him. His smell is

even stronger now. Dog bends his muzzle down. Harry pulls it away. Harry thumbs his foreskin back and starts to take a piss.

He doesn't aim it much of anywhere. Just out between his knees. Most of it hits his brake pedal and splatters all over his floor. I can hear it over the engine. Like rain on an old tin roof. I can smell it all the way over here. Mountain man piss. On his boots. On his pants. The dust on the floor turns to mud. The mud turns to a swamp. It steams. It stinks. It goes on and on. Harry sighs. His moustache flutters. He blinks and takes a deep breath. The stream slows down. He shoots an extra couple spurts and stops.

He doesn't squeeze or shake himself. The dog licks off the drops. Harry scratches between Dog's ears. Pulls him back up by the scruff of his neck. Puts his dick away. Dog stares hard at Harry's fly with his ears at full attention. Harry smacks Dog's butt. Dog looks out the windshield. Harry says, "We're here."

It's different from what I expected. It's smaller and newer than the kind of place I thought he'd live in. It looks like he built the house and barn himself. You could fit them both in some hotel suites I've seen. They're made out of stone and wood and aluminum roofing. There's a dirt circle driveway and a non-sense garden. Vegetables. Pot No flowers. There are enough flowers in the meadow that goes a ways out toward the woods. He hasn't got a woman here. He hasn't got anyone. I can tell from looking around me that he lives here alone with his dog.

Harry stops the truck and turns off the engine. It's very quiet here. Creek water flowing. A couple of birds. There are no other sounds. Harry and I open our doors. We get out. Dog follows Harry. I turn a full circle and look all around me. I am going to like it here. For a while. Harry picks up my duffel

bag.

"Bring the rest in when you're ready," he says. He heads toward the door of the house. I head for the door of the barn.

It's cool inside. The sun's going down. There's some small farm tools. A lot of dust. Some axes and hatchets and stuff I don't recognize. A motorcycle under a tarp. I walk over and take a look. More dust swirls up and flies when I lift the cover. A custom Harley chopper. It's nice. It's worth some bucks. I lay the sheet back down and go outside again. I dig out my boxes and take them into the house.

It's all one room. Not much on the walls. A couple of shotguns. A big wood stove for heat and cooking. A little gas refrigerator. A deep sink with an old claw-footed bathtub right beside it. A flush toilet right beside that. I set the boxes down and head toward the crapper. Harry is sitting in the only chair beside his table and lighting a cigar. Dog is lying at his feet. They both watch me. They know where I'm going.

"Use a tree if you just need to piss," Harry says. "Saves water." I understand. I look him right back in his eye when I turn around and drop my pants and sit. This dump's been a long time holding. Feels good. Harry and Dog keep watching for a while. It's a good thing I pissed when I started. Now I'm getting hard again. Even the fart gas smells good. I am going to like it here.

I don't ask too many questions. This one just won't let me go. "Why've you got the bike on blocks?" I look away from the four eyes watching me and reach across the tub to grab the roll of paper towels off the counter beside the sink.

Harry takes a deep cigar breath. Smoke curls out of his nose. He works the cigar to one side of his mouth. He talks around it. "Don't go far on roads anymore. Dog can't ride along."

I wipe my ass. "Should I flush it?" I ask.

"If you want. No need yet." Harry stands up. He looks even bigger inside his house. Like a bear in its cave. The place even smells of him. Of him and his dog. And now it smells a little like me.

Harry gets ready to go back out-

is all he says.

He shows me the spots where his cash crop grows. He shows me the booby-traps and how to look out for them. He asks if I know how to shoot straight. I tell him I do. He asks me how much money I want to make. I tell him I want enough to move on with. When it's time to leave.

"Fair enough," he says. He shakes my hand. It's the first time he's touched me. His grip is like iron. His hand and his smell make me hard. Dog just watches us. I don't think he likes me. Not yet. I think he will.

Harry feeds me. He sits at his table. I sit on his sink. The food is simple and good. Dog gets the same from a plate on the floor. The sun goes down. Harry lights a lamp and a joint. We take. I talk. Harry and Dog listen. The grass is good. I can't hold my head up anymore. Harry offers to light a new joint. I wave and shake my head and get dizzy. I try to walk across the room to dig out my bedroll. I don't quite make it. I stumble and fall on Harry's bed and laugh. "I'm a lightweight," I mumble. Harry doesn't laugh. "Good shit," I say. Harry smiles.

"The best," he says. I can't stand up. Harry and Dog come on over. Harry lifts me and sits me on the floor and pulls back his covers. He takes off my boots and strips down to his longjohns. He carries me over and drops me and pulls a blanket over me that smells just like him and his dog. I can't close my eyes or I'll throw up. I lay back and stare at the patterns of wood on his ceiling and wait for my dick to go down. He lights the butt of an old cigar and goes back to the table and sits.

The lamp is out when I wake up the first time. Dog is curled up beside me. Harry is sprawled on his back on the other side. I'm hot. I strip. Dog wakes up and watches me. I put my hand near his nose when I come back to bed. He smells me and turns away and sighs. He goes back to sleep. The covers are all on the floor. I curl up around Dog's back. His tail twitches. I wrap my top arm around him. His ears cock up but he doesn't mind. My dick gets hard. I fall asleep.

I'm not sure I'm awake when I wake up the next time. I'm cold.



Dog's not next to me. He's down between Harry's sprawled legs. Dog's snout is working in Harry's crotch. I can hear their breathing. I can hear Dog's tongue. He's licking Harry's balls. The starlight is dim. I can just barely see them. Harry's dick is a handful when it's hard. It's not too long. It's just fat. Harry works it hard. He beats it and yanks it and slaps it on his thigh. He's got the other hand between Dog's ears. Dog is just going to town.

Harry pulls his knees up. He opens the flap at his ass and reaches in through it from the front. His knees hit his shoulders. The flap sits on his belly. I can just barely see the thick hair on the inside of the sides of his ass when he pulls his cock and nuts out through the back flap. I can just barely see Dog's snout disappear in between Harry's cheeks. I can hear his tongue again. I can hear Harry moan. I can see Harry beat his meat while he has Dog eat his ass. I can smell him sweat. I can't believe it. Any of it. I can't let them know I'm awake.

And I can't get my dick to go down.

Harry breathes faster. Dog licks his hole. Harry jacks and smacks and comes. Big wads of jism fly into his beard. His mouth is open. One shot smacks into his moustache and slides down inside. Harry grunts. Dog snorts. Harry shakes. He holds himself tight and shivers for a while. Dog backs off and stands up when Harry lets his legs down. Harry sighs. He wipes up the front of his suit and his beard with both of his big paws and stuffs his cum into his own mouth. Dog climbs up between us and licks off Harry's hands. I close my eyes so they'll think I'm asleep. Pretty soon I am.

I'm all alone when I wake up again. I'm still not sure I saw what I think I saw. I'm just sure I want to see it again. I beat my meat fast because I'm so hard it hurts. It's just barely down outside. I can see my shots fly. I can feel them land. They're hot in the cool hair on my chest. They're slippery in the stubble on my face. I haven't shaved in three days. I won't shave again for a while. I arch my back and get the last few drops yanked out. I roll over and rub myself into the rough blanket that covers Harry's mat-

ress. When I stuff my face into the pillow I can smell Harry and Dog and me all mixed in together. I like it. It smells just like home. When I stand up I've got new hairs stuck to my belly. They're Dog's. I don't pull them off. I just walk over and stick my head under the tap at the sink. No hot water. It feels like ice but it feels so good. I slick my hair back and fish for a cup and pour myself some coffee from the pot sitting on top of the stove. I pull on the clothes I wore yesterday and take my cup outside.

Harry and Dog can't be too far away. The truck's still here. I take a walk to clear my brain. By the time I get back they're back too. "Good morning" is all we say to each other. Dog wags his tail when he sees me.

Harry shows me how to farm and how to dry and pack his crop. Dog stands and watches me learn. Harry seems bigger today. A man-mountain mountain man. He's wearing bib overalls. No shirt. The coat on his chest swarms down over his arms and covers his shoulders and back. He's got more than a farmer's tan. He must go naked a lot. His ass stretches the denim when he bends down to pull a plant. The hair on his back runs with sweat. It's all I can do to keep from shoving my hand down his back to his ass inside his pants. I want to dig into that hair. I want to pull out a handful of funk and wipe it all over my face. I keep my mind on my new job. Dog keeps his eye on me. He's friendlier today. He's still not sure I'm okay.

One day goes by. Then another. I'm comfortable here. I talk less as time goes on. My beard grows. I stop feeling grungy. My body smells good to me. I ignore the bathtub.

Harry's an outlaw. He doesn't tell me what he's done, but I can tell he's wanted somewhere. I don't ask questions. I just relax. Nobody knows where I am. Nobody but Harry and Dog and me. I stay on the farm when they go into town. I stay out of sight when the men come around to pick up the weed and leave cash. I stay in Harry's and Dog's bed at night. When Dog finally decides I'm alright, he starts sleeping on Harry's other side. I don't ask questions. I just curl up on one side of Harry like Dog curls

up on the other. Our heads are on his shoulders. His arms are around our backs.

I wake up again in the middle of the night. It's been a few days now since Dog started letting me in. Nothing has happened. I've been sleeping with my nose in Harry's pit and my dick digging into his thigh. He hasn't said anything about my hard-ons. He just hasn't moved away from them. If he's been messing with Dog he hasn't been doing it at night. I've never seen them get that kind of close again. I had started to think it was a dream. I know I'm not dreaming now.

Dog's got his muzzle stuffed right up between Harry's legs. Harry's got his dick pulled out. He's not stroking. It's just lying there. He's still got one arm around me. The other hand is stroking Dog's head between his ears. Dog is whining. I've never heard him whine before. He wants Harry's nuts. I don't know how I know that. I only know he wants them and Harry's not letting him have them. My dick is hard before I'm all the way awake. Harry grunts. I look up at his face. He looks back. He doesn't speak. I reach down into his fly for the first time and pull out his nuts. I squeeze them down in their sack and rub them across Dog's nose. Dog's tongue comes out. He licks. His whining stops.

I look back at Harry. I hold his eyes. Maybe he holds mine. I let go his balls and bring that hand to my face. I rub his sweat into my beard. His arm tightens around me. I keep track of his eyes while I sit up and lean over and bring my mouth down on his dick. He moves his arm and reaches for mine. I groan. He uses his iron grip. I spread my mouth open as wide as I can and I just barely take him all in.

"Don't get me hard yet," he says. I pull my face back. He takes his hand off Dog's head and puts it down on mine. He pushes me onto his dick again. I eat it. I breathe deep. Dog's tongue slides across one side of my face. Harry's hand holds me down. Harry won't let me let up.

Harry starts to piss.

It's bitter. It's hot. It's salty.

I gag. I choke. I love it. I swallow. I breathe deep and swallow it all. Until he stops. He's not done. He's

cut off the flow. He grabs me by the hair and pulls. My mouth comes off of his cock. My lips are sealed. My cheeks are still full of the last of what he gave me. I slop my tongue through it. I swallow and breathe. His other hand works on my dick.

He lets his stream loose again. It splatters into my eyes. It mats Dog's hair. It soaks his long underwear all the way down to his knees. I lean back down and suck it out of the cloth. I belch. Dog snorts. Harry sighs.

We lie like that for a while. Harry says he's getting cold. Not all over. Just on his legs. He pushes Dog's face away. I get his message. I start to unbutton his suit.

Hair springs out everywhere. I have never seen him naked. I can't see much of him now. It's too dark. He's solid and covered in hair. That's all I know. That's all I need. He sits up and peels the suit down his arms and off his hands. He lies back down and lifts his ass and pulls it off his legs and feet. He drops it beside the bed. I watch Dog. He's waiting. Harry lifts his legs and Dog dives right in for his ass.

Dog's tongue slurps. Harry keeps crushing my dick. I wrap one hand up in Dog's fur and lean over Harry's hairy thigh to slurp on his nuts just like Dog did. I wrap the other hand up in the hair on Harry's chest. Harry starts to beat his meat. His knuckles slide down through my beard. He rubs his dick across my face. He yanks back his foreskin and feeds me the head. I slurp and I tongue it just like I've just done with his balls. Harry moans. He moans and lets go of my dick. He pushes my face up.

Harry says, "Okay. Now get down and suck on the dog."

I'll try anything. Dog knows what's coming. I think we understand each other. He keeps his snout in Harry's ass but he stands his ass-end up. I climb underneath him. I breathe deep the way he smells. I rub my face through his belly fur. By the time I get back where I'm going he's ready.

I never knew dogs' dicks grew this big. It's pointed and stiff and all the way out of its sheath and it's just about a mouthful. I take it down into my throat. It tastes different than any man's dick I've ever sucked. It feels different. Dog's



For a
second I'm
not sure
he's not
going to
bite me.

whine is different. He's getting off on this. His hips start to buck. My face is all the way between his legs. His nuts run front-to-back. One pushes at my nose. The other rubs across my forehead. The head of his meat feels like a spearhead in my throat. I swallow. Dog's tail slaps down between his legs and smacks me on top of the head. I think he has a bone in his dick. A real boner. It doesn't bend. It feels like it's going to tear out through my neck if I don't keep the angle just right.

I don't know how long we go on like this. I just know that Harry is calling me up. I push and pull Dog's dick back out of my face. Dog cries. I pat his rump and sit up. His hips are still thrusting. He's fucking air. Harry pushes Dog's nose away from his asshole. He bends and he reaches and he pulls my nose in. "Now you" is all he says.

I dive in like Dog did. I press Harry's thighs up and back. I sniff and I slurp and I get a nose full of Harry's rank crotch smell and a mouthful of Dog's silmy spit. I stuff my face right up Harry's crack. I drive my tongue hard up his hole. I suck in air. I dig at his ass. I turn and get up on my knees and push.

Harry groans and Dog tries to mount me.

Fur in my face. Fur on my back. Harry's hands hold my head down. Dog's paws grab onto my hips and my ribs and my shoulders. Harry's asshole opens up and pouts out and lets in my lips so I'm licking inside of him. Dog's dick stabs under my asshole.

Harry yells, "Get DOWN." I don't know which one of us he's talking to. Dog backs off. Dog knows. He knows about Harry and he knows about me. His hot breath snorts up between my legs. His tongue reaches under my balls. For a second I'm not sure he's not going to bite me. He doesn't. He licks. His tongue is rough and hot and wet. He works on my nuts with his nose in my asshole. He slicks up my ass with a mouthful of spit. He tries to stuff his nose inside me. I try to stuff mine inside Harry. I reach for my cock with one hand.

"NO," Harry says. This time I know he means me. I drop my hand. Harry drops his. "Get up," he says. I do. I stand up on the bed and look down at them both. "Come here,"

says Harry. He's looking at Dog. Dog steps right up to his ass. Harry grabs Dog's ears and pulls. Dog's front paws step up and over Harry's thighs. Harry lets go of his head. Reaches down and scratches his ribs through his coat. Pulls him closer.

Harry grabs Dog's dick and slips it home. I jump down to watch

Dog's back legs are splayed. His dick disappears into the fur between the cheeks of Harry's ass. Harry moans. Dog whines. Dog's hips start pumping again. Harry's head thrashes

I am watching a man getting fucked by his dog

I reach for my dick again. Harry is too far gone to care. I pump it twice and shoot them both. Hot cum on Harry's beard. Globes in Dog's ear and his fur. Drops on Harry's upturned ass. Splatters all over Dog's back. I grunt. I howl. I have never come like this

Dog picks up his rhythm. Harry stops him and pushes him away and grabs his own cock in his hand. Harry pumps

Harry says, "Fuck my ass." I just don't know if I can. I play with myself. I am still hard. I don't know how. I don't care now. I lean down between those two wide and hairy thighs and I fuck into the big man's sloppy hole with one hard smack. I scream. My cock is still sensitive. It hurts. It hurts so good.

It feels almost as good as Harry's hands. He grabs my ass and pulls me inside of him. He reaches under my arms and over my shoulders and pulls me down onto his legs. He reaches between us and smears up my cum and slaps it up into the crack of my ass. When he growls "Come here" again, I know just what he means.

All the fur feels so good around me. All the breath is so hot. All the animal stink is a cloud in my brain. Harry's hands are everywhere. Dog's paws planted at my sides. The pain is sharp and short.

I'm fucking Harry's ass. Dog's fucking mine.

Harry grunts and shoves and pulls. Dog just shoves. Jesus. That bone in his dick is a killer. I shift a little. Now. It's perfect. My nuts slap Harry's tail. Dog's tail slaps my thighs. I just keep moving between them.

Dog's whine is different now. His

thrusts are getting sharp. Harry's reached down and he's beating his meat like he means it. The sweat pours down into my eyes. Harry is wet everywhere. He digs one hand into the other pit and scoops up some bear sweat for lube. He wraps it back around his shaft. He jerks and he smacks and he comes

Hot slime shoots out of him and slices up my belly. It hits my chest hair. It hits my beard. It hits his beard. It hits his moustache and it drops on his tongue. Just like the first time I saw him come. He licks his moustache clean.

Harry howls. Dog howls. I howl. Harry thrashes under me. Dog keeps on humping my ass. Harry keeps coming. Dog shoots his wad

One final clench and Dog's there. He floods my ass. I can feel him throb inside me. I can feel the heat. He's drooling on my neck. I turn my head and stick out my tongue and lick up his spit from my shoulder. He pants. He shoots. He dribbles cum. He whimpers and slowly pulls out

Harry sighs. I start to pull out of him. He holds me tight. Not yet. My dick's going soft. Harry doesn't care. He wants it inside of him. No problem. He'll let me know when he wants something different

I look down at his face. He looks up into mine. Sweat falls off of my forehead into his eyes. He blinks and smiles and says "Whoa." The two of us turn and watch Dog move away. He climbs off of the bed and walks over to the stove. He curls up and lifts one leg and starts cleaning out his crotch.

I look back down at Harry. "Why do dogs lick their balls?" I ask him. Harry smiles. We both say it at the same time

"Because they can." We both laugh.

I feel full. My belly hurts. I always need to piss after sex. I'm soft enough. I let it loose. I piss up Harry's ass

Harry moans and shuts his eyes and wraps his hair-covered huge legs around me and drags me down close with his arms. He mashes his beard into mine. Harry kisses me. His cum tastes like salt and like sweet sweat in his moustache. His tongue is much smoother than Dog's. It fills my mouth. He

makes me high.

His fingers fill my asshole again. They make me hard. I still have more piss to let loose when my dick clamps down. I grind my hips hard into Harry. Harry grunts "Yeah" in my mouth. I shove. He pulls. I can't stop. He wants me there. He lifts up and meets me. I shove down and fuck him good.

Pretty soon I'm moving like Dog. I can't stop now. Not even if I wanted to. Which I don't. I'm fucking bear. I glance at Dog. He's watching with his ears cocked up. He knows how this feels. It's good. So good. So fucking good.

Harry's hole is hot and wet. My dick is hot and hard. They slide and clamp and thrust and squeeze and pretty soon I'm shooting. Dog comes back over. I'm covered with sweat. Dog starts in licking my armpit. I thrust. I shoot. I shoot again. Harry tells me tight and howls. Dog's tongue finds my tit and licks. I shoot again.

I've never come like this. It's why I'll try anything once.

It's over. I'm shot out. I'm empty and Harry is full. My piss and my jism slosh deep in his belly. I have to pull out and climb off. I don't know how he holds his legs up. He does. Still. I can't resist him. I dive back in.

Neither can Dog. I meet Dog's nose at Harry's ass. I meet his tongue with mine. We press our faces together in the fur pit between meaty cheeks. We snort. We lick. We wait.

Harry lets go. Hot. Wet. Salty. Animal slime shoots out over our faces. Mats down our fur. Pours into our mouths. I drink what I've shot. Piss and cum and spit. Harry relaxes and empties his body and Dog and I drink what he gives. I can't fucking believe this shit. I'm hard again.

Some things I'll try twice. Or more

Harry's done. I'm wasted. Dog is tired again. We're all wet. We all stink. It's perfect. I sit up and pull up the blanket. We all curl up. Harry rolls onto his side. Facing me. Dog snuggles up to his back. Harry fucks his tongue into my mouth. He grabs his dick and mine. He squeezes them together. He pisses all over my nuts.

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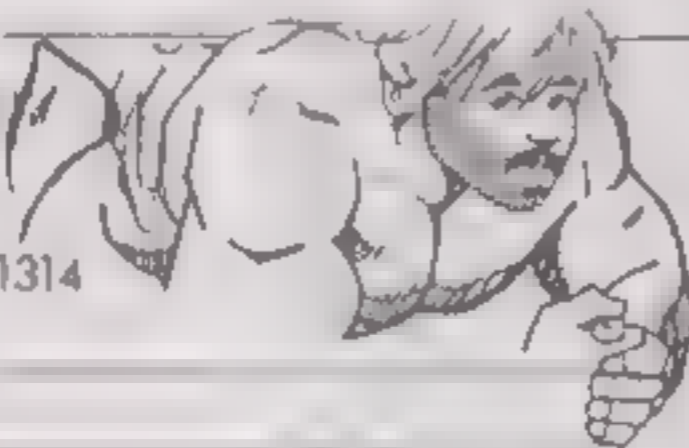
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BIG MEN TOOLS VACUUMERS

If you are equipped, admire ANYTHING BIG send S.A.S.E. to B.G. POB 410990 #394-D, SF CA 94141

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Master 5'2", 165 lbs., hairy Daddy, 53, seeks boy/slave who is ready to serve full-time and be dominated. Must have good firm ass, small waist, no pot or love handles. Relocate San Diego. Serious calls only. (619) 296-8431

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OILDO BOTTOM?

Sadistic bearded master seeks GM's seeking oil/do training, heavy V.A., headtrips, etc. 'Smoke' "aroma" optional. Serious replies to Box 36065, Philadelphia, PA 19112-0065

B/D SLAVE WANTED

By dominant healthy GWM 55 10" 155 lbs. 37 You should be slim under 30, obedient, non-smoker, submissive and willing to relocate for a dad that's demanding but caring. Send photo for instant reply, try id PO Box 672132, Houston, TX 77267 2132

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GERMAN LEATHER BIKER SON

6' 10" 180 lbs. 24 good looking... leather, heavy nipple and tit work, cock sucking, discipline and toys. We will not discriminate. Dad's Daddy Box 6771, F

MUSCLES—WRESTLING—BALLS

Looking for muscular dudes into rough matches, rough sex, war games, cock and ball wrestling, gladiator matches, leather body punching, belt fights, rough and kinky safe sex. I am 88, W.M. 35 8' 0" 180 lbs, chest 48 arms 18. Must reply with picture to Jack Gunther, PO Box 7213, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33338-7213

BLACK MASTER WANTED

Hot, tan W.M. slave animal, 34 5 9" 172 lbs, blond, seeks demanding, innovative, muscular hung Black Master for workouts, S/M, CBT, paddles, mirrors, toys, wax, heavy Greek French, B/D just about anything, uniforms, fantasy action. Master may write to Zack, PO Box 14630, Phoenix, AZ 85035. Letter, photo, instructions, please. (LF6406)

ATTN: MASCULINE MEN

Professional masculine man moving to Lafayette, Louisiana in August. Want to hear from same plus cops, truck drivers and construction workers. B's and married okay. Well endowed the best. Respond to PO Box 1944 Sylva, NC 28779

EXCEPTIONAL HOT MAN

42, seeks exceptional younger man. I'm 5'10" 160 lbs., black hair, brown eyes, good build and looks, very masculine, dynamic, stable, successful, intense and caring. If you're very good-looking, well-built, intelligent, stimulating and thrive on dominance/submission, send letter with photo to Mitch PO Box 9395 Scottsdale, AZ 85252 Box 6398, F

HOT COUPLE SEEKS DADDY

Boys are white 5'9" 31 and 6'3" 28' butch tattooed and pierced. Looking for hot daddy to help us relocate to Western United States. Boys are hardworking professionals. Love leather, heavy nipple and tit work, cock sucking, discipline and toys. We will not discriminate. Dad's Daddy Box 6771, F

LETTERS

Letters, drawings and photos exchanged. Box 6612

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Seduced by the desire for abduction GWM 46, 5'7" 210, 40" waist seeks prolonged bondage. Captivity experience with (topis) any age. Box 6610

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Handsome W.M., 36, seeking attractive, assertive man who will throw pies at me after tying me up and tickling my tits. I'm into shaving cream and pie fights, light bondage, play, hairy chests, foodsex. Send letter and photos. Box 660

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Must be muscular butch submissive interested in more than fantasy fulfillment. Seeking rare find, no-bullshit relationship. An unusual W.M. 37 5'11", 175 lbs., dark moustache and beard, longer, masculine, muscular hairy. Successful, confident in charge. Emotionally available. Not into pay scene. Land mark, 227 N. Federal Highway, Jania, FL 33004

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GWM, 40, 6'2", 230#, black hair beard, moustache, hairy, nonsmoker, biker, hung, cut. Looking for an equal for puttin' and partym. Into bikers, cops, truckers, bears, construction workers, etc., especially hairy. Hung, uncult. Not into top/bottom, master slave, bullshit games. Non-tobacco users only. LF6440

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GWM, 36, 6'11", 185 brown/blue mous. Inche seeks other hot Tops bottoms to 43. This man has hairy pees w hard nipples th. demand mutual heavy play. Dig heavy sweaty JD workouts, jockstraps chaps, uniforms, uncuts, cowboys, Asian men. Am stable educated, healthy, professional. Potential big brother/Dad for right man. Into photography BB, hiking. No fairs/drugs. Reply w. photo/phone to Box 4075LF

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45-year old trucker wants young slave to earn trucking from the bottom up. Permanent only. Will supply what I think you need. Call weekends or send letter with picture. Box 6057LF (619) 723 848

WANTED—YOUNG S&M SLAVE

Training discipline bondage C&B TT lace append hair pulled, spankings and rough orders by two Masters, 18 and 48. You become whatever turns us on. No permanent damage. km ts inc eased. Send photo including face Mr Jones and Mr Mann, PO Box 11116 Coon Rapids MN 55437

BONDAGE AND SLOW TORTURE

W M, 36 lean, muscular masculine imaginative, easy going, discrete versatile, seeks similar in-shape buddy for capture bondage torture games Indian, Roman, Inquisition, other classic scenes possible in hot, sweaty, erotic, but safe, sane fashion. Permanent relationship, relocation possible. Let's not get old wishing we had! Box 6129LF

TRUCKERS TRAVELERS I-95

Handsome officer seeks truckers and other rugged masculine travelers on I-95 through Southeast Georgia. Let's drop our drawers and spread our legs for a full-crotch tongue-bath at my place or your motel. Well-built masculine types ONLY. Send photo for reply. in mid 30s, well built endowed. Box 5724 Savannah GA 31414

TRAVELING SON

30s, 5'10", 150 lbs am into Fr Gr hot ass-buns. FF spanking light S&M recycled bear shower and 3-ways. Top only for FF prefer bottom for the rest. Travel frequently from Chicago to Chattanooga. Des Moines to Cleveland Miami and Dallas. Write with photo and phone so we can get a hot nonstop evening going. Box 5298LF

FASCINATED BY FIRE

Blond, bottom, into torture scene. Box 6577 6'9 942 7876

TOILET TOP WANTED

Experienced tone 5'3 125 lbs., healthy, 40, wants to eat your hard turds and piss. Reconciliation possible. (619) 235-8538 Box 5578

NO BULLSHIT MASTER WANTED

Slaveboy, 30 5'10" 160 lbs., seeks experienced no-nonsense "Real" permanent master(s). No gimmicks, games or bullshit—only true slavery. Box 6576

I'M NOT A SLAVE

Only a real master stands a chance at making me one. If you're tough enough to command my respect and obedience, up to training someone who's not sure he wants to be and into prolonged bondage, send orders. Suite 22 1530 Locust, Philadelphia, PA 19102

SLAVE SEEKS OWNER

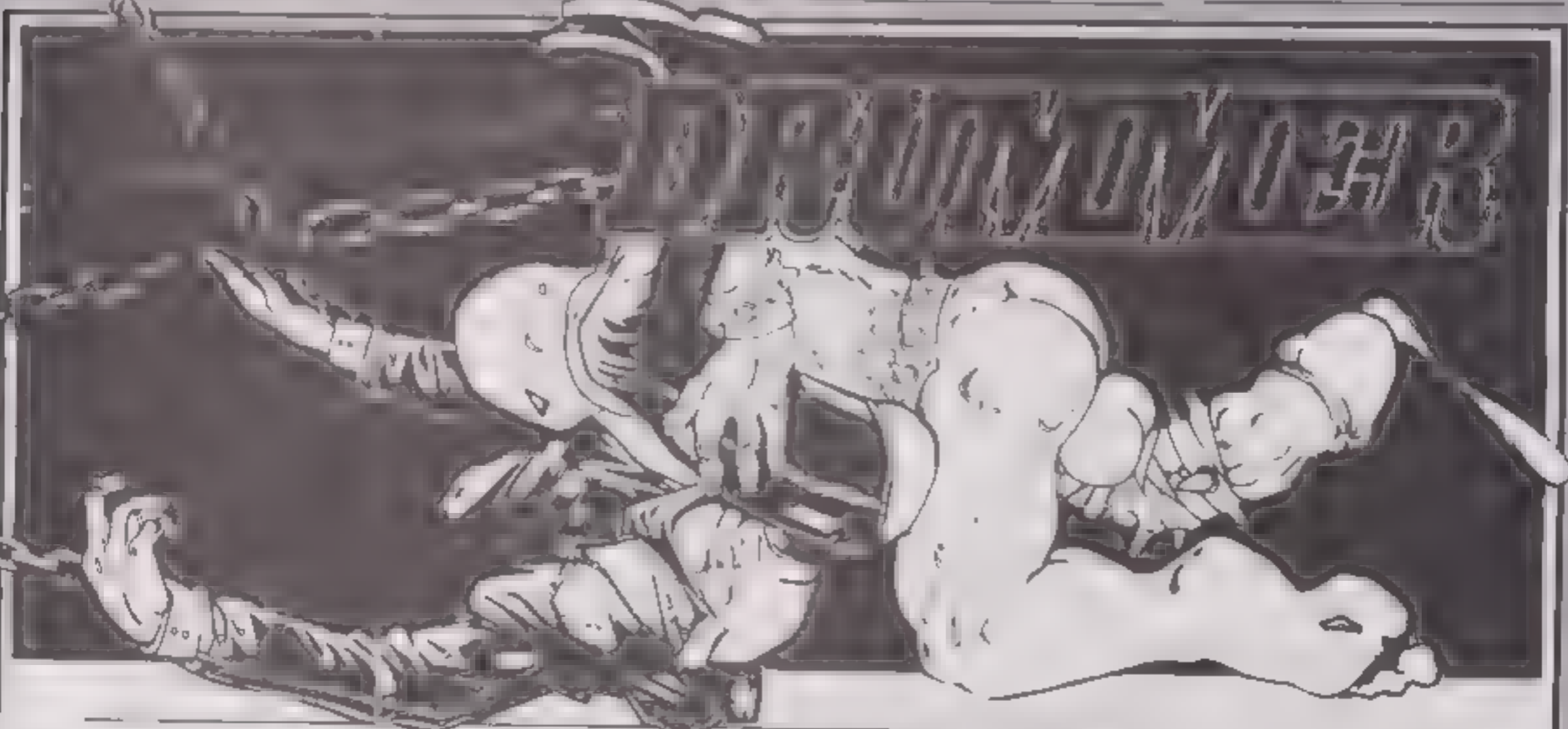
GWM, 30, 5'11" 165 born to serve seeking a master to surrender himself to. Need to serve serious, experienced master as his live-in slave. Will relocate anywhere. Box 6813

LEATHERED BOOTED MASTER

Talk tough cop needed with equipment and toys for intense control bondage verbal, physical abuse of submissive leathered booted man visit friendship. Box 8523

PRISON FANTASIES

Prison rape, bondage in electric chair gas chambers, head and body shaving leather, rubber C&B TT. Box 6521



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USA Bulk Rt	First Class & Canada	Foreign Air Mail
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* 2 issues Drummer
4 issues Mach
4 issues Jungle
4 issues FQ
4 issues Sandmutilia
4 95 single issue

AMERICAN EXPRESS

EXP

Check payable to DESMODUS, INC.

Sadistic 34 yo Male seeks experienced slave willing to be beaten live in slavehood. Extreme pain during prolonged torture scenes. Be experienced. Beautiful, hairy and in good shape. Send application and resume with photo. PO Box 22602, Mpls MN 55422

GWM, 30, 5'11" 165, born to serve sucking a master to surrender himself to Nard a serious, experienced master to serve as his live-in slave. WMI relocate anywhere. Box 5518

RANCH/FARM SLAVE FOR TIME
6'2" 185 lbs. youthful, goodlooking, masculine. Navy vet, no vices, disease free. Available, intelligent, middle-aged, horse farm experience, can operate tractors, trucks, etc. You owner of sizable operating ranch/farm wanting hot hunk for physical labor, slave training and discrete, lasting relationship. Modest pay required. Box 6616LF

Wish to hear from males who have been voluntarily or involuntarily castrated. Box 3511

WM, 29 5'5" 135 lbs., bottom looking for tough demanding TOPS who S.M. B.D. C.B.T. T/T, whips, electricity, leather boots, toys, playrooms, peppers, torture scenes. Anxious to expand all limits. Prefer tall arrogant Leatherman into all facets of S.M. Willing to try almost anything. Live in Vancouver but can travel. Photo is possible. Beards and motorcycle a plus. Box 6619, F.

PLEASE MY THROAT
 Bulky hot, hairy, muscular weight trained, big
 dicked, mounted, 36 yr old, 8' 1" 5 lb
 needs to link up with one or more to either
 daddy types for evenings or weekends of
 using my throat as their fuckhole. I'm to-
 gether, secure, handsome, healthy and can
 travel at my own expense to service you into
 VA, TT, CBT, WS, light bondage weed poppers
 and long hard sessions of deepthroating your
 cockringed horsedick. Let me swallow your
 load sir! PO Box 6409, Arlington, VA 22205

Hot young muscular bottom likes to service dominant top leatherman. Slap my ass while you ram my tight hot hole. Need to suck hard thick cock and eat your hot manhole. Cops—Military—Truckers—Gym 100 lbs. 24 yrs. boys. Ride me Sir! Write Box #242, F.H. Ark. call Rob anytime 712 477-6664

Seeking Hispanic or white male under 35, slave boy. Must be mature, honest, healthy, sincere and willing to make serious commitment to relationship. Prefer under 5'9" and uncult, but attitude and willingness to explore limits and fantasies is more important. Dad is white, male, 5'8" 170, all the above plus sane and experienced. Send detailed letter to TD, POB 11402, Ramp, NY 09510.

RADNCH AND MUCK
European 49" 5'8", 170 into wearing filthy
workcloth, rubber (boots), dung and piss
seeks farm opportunity. Will occasionally help
out in barn, stable or field in turn for slopping
in the muck. Seeking for that brawny buddy
with farm age and looks unimportant. Travel
NY, NJ, PA and New England. Discretion and
response is all guaranteed. Write Rob
Armand, PO Box 685 Brooklyn NY 11202

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Hot bottom, 32 6
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signed backs sane nonsmoker masculine, well-
built man, 30s-40s, into bondage, wrestling
Reply w/phone PO Box 755, Tualatin, OR
97062

muscles a plat PO Box 55125
30308

Handwritten notes:

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8210 LANKERSHIM BLVD , #11
NO HOLLYWOOD CA 91605

☐ S.F. PACKING COMPANY \$59

DRUMMER 119
53

This middle-aged farmer is looking for an upbeat, aggressive partner into motorcycles, leathers, boots, tight butts, muscles, hard work, sweaty armpits, sensitive tits, and GEL bondage (top or bottom) as a daily way of life. My specs: Scandinavian hard physique HIV-negative. Relocation possible. Write Box 33, Riner, VA 24 49.

Cigar smoking, foulmouthed rubber raunch pig w/ M, 43 5'10" 160, beard, uncut, seeks other uninhibited raunch pigs, especially in the Boston, MA area. uninhibited raunch including piss, shit for drugs, booze, leather uniforms, lots of smoke & rubber, CAT T, enemas catheterization, Satanism, etc. Box 6438, F

who is also bottom into FF dndoes A leather
would like to hear from any other AFA MCS or
bird persons. Looking to increase knowledge &
A limits Washington state Box 8118LF

Looking for dominant guys who are in a motorcycle cop uniform? spurred black boots and equipment for cop on cop(s) fantasy scenes. You should be into boots, leather, and cop workovers. Need genuine police motorcycle helmets. Box 1004 Richmond, VA 23221 166366

Enslaved daddy, 42, mean and hung, ad-
miring healthy obedient slaveboy BB, 18-30,
inxious to please and train for BB competition
for daddy's pleasure and public display. If not
smooth, will be shaved. Send interesting
photo and imaginative letter of application.
Box 0.15B, F.

White male. 47 does not fit usual leather scene mold. 6' 190 lbs. wears glasses. Over
 put out of shape. smokes drinks, reader
 book collector. Requires live-in slave.
 Demands total submission/obedience. Expect
 to be used. Live in L.A. Plea to Box 634.

Trained mature housework body servant, 5'11", 160 lbs, secure healthy rarely used for SM. Would be honored to again serve a MASTER(S) whose interests would include total mental, physical domination and complete retraining resulting in a piece of exemplary slave property existing solely for its MASTER'S pleasure, well-being and lifestyle. Box 6369LF

Looking for one special man to build his
together tin honest, hardworking, responsi-
ble, strong, successful, understanding, mas-
culine, 35, goodlooking, serious bodybuidle.
Background college Air Force, construction
crane/heavy equipment operator, trucking.
Enjoy working out, riding motorcycles, being
outdoors, raising, training horses/dogs, wear-
ing leather, good friends. Box 65501.F

White male, 5'9" 132, 150 seeks pro or semi-pro baseball player 32+ who needs a buddy or assistant in his life. He must be slick when needed but more important a trusted friend. Will also consider a coach or manager of the same age range. am very discreet and understanding of the situation you are in. Box 6564

YOUNG LEATHER DUDES
24, 5'6", 140 HOT seeks other wild rugged young dudes and leather jacketed punks into leather, heavy bondage, leather gloves, hefty boots, hoods, gags, whips, chains, cuffs, lace n ass fuckin, kangrape, gangbangs, long hair, heavy metal, ROCKSTARS, bikers and LEATHER GODS are a big plus. Hey dudes, let's wrestle 1 on 5, 5 on 1 or 5 on 5 the more LEATHER the better, LOSER gets tied up and used. I can take CAN YOU? No fats, fems or over 26. Photo and phone a must also get online POB 95172 Las Vegas, NV 89 99 9998

First the blue hankie right, then the red hankie right now gloves and more than one hand. Keys on the right and a ring in my right in. Ball stretchers, ball weights on the sling is it time for the black hankie and slave collar? Training M. . .

is ideal (sincere conscientious masochist/ drudge victim for young, busy, demanding Master/s). Especially a clean-cut educated adorably sadistic Superior Owner Daddy in high polished boots, black rock straps, black skylight gloves. Slaveboy is a clean display able worshipping cockaucker—white, 5' 5", 180, shaved, buxom body, nice ass, hot developed tits. Expects and desires to be naked, collared, whipped, spanked, slapped, bruised, hit, C&B, humiliated, abused. Please Sir s! I'll beg and grovel. Be your pussyboy, lick and shine your boots, suck your cock and ass, show you the respect, obedience, involvement that you expect and deserve. Permanent, restrictive slavery in a secure discreet commitment. Submission Slaveboy has photo references. Welcome Will Travel, relocate Slaveboy (213) 437-0467 PST or write Box 6544. Thank you Sir/s!

To young white executive type to 40 Me-
terly attractive Blk big hands, big ure cock &
170 lbs., 34, love leaving marks on white
asses with large lickable feet and manly
smells—you know what I mean Telephone
after 10 pm (212) 689-3737

Master 38, tall well-built, construction worker's body hairy clean-cut successful educated seeks slaves, 18-30 smooth hard well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, body builders needing a demanding man to guide your life. HS and college jocks a plus. I will develop your mind and mold your body to perfection. I am a protective and caring Master. Will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. Work

$\Delta \Gamma = \Delta \Gamma_1 + \Delta \Gamma_2$

Hot German leatherman, blond beard, 40s.
6' 170 uncut, visits western US Oct.-Nov. 88.
Like to meet leathermen! Into TT, WS, Gr.p.
Fr.a. Got big nipples! The smell, feel and taste
of leather makes me hot. Please write with
photo to Box 57558 LF

MANHOLE SPECIALS

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work being where outdoor action and more
want real Masters Also want contact with

1970
 1971
 1972

COWBOYS TRACKERS.
CONSTRUCTION W. DEERS

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LEATHER, BONDAGE & RUBBER
Experienced GWM 44, 58" 185 seeks man
into leather bondage rubber, light-medium
SM, CBT, TT, WS and raunch. Versatile. Hea-
thy sex only. Huntsville, AL. Send detailed
information, photo, phone. Box 6430L.

5'11" 145 lbs. dominant Top seeks submi-
ssive and to 40 ready for bondage and disci-
pline Send photo, address, phone and
description of needs Montgomery area pre-
ferred P.O. Box 6016 Montgomery, AL 36106

BOOT LOVING BOTTOM
29-year-old kinky boot and leather lover seeks leatherclad or booted men for fun and fantasy, in person or via mail. Wet, wild, and raunchy times are a big turn-on for this bootlickin' Phoenix area slave. Replies with pics appreciated to PO Box 80245, Phoenix AZ 85082-0245. #E6294

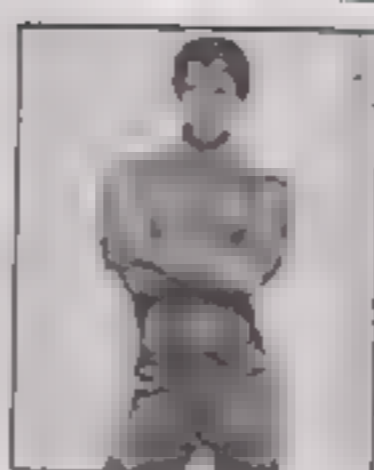
some bondage light torture, face-fucking, fucking, rimming, hot sweaty action! Interests: animal workouts, Sci-Fi movies, ethnic foods. You **VERSATILE** non-pushy, mouth-lache 30+ trim PO Box 5233 San Francisco CA 94101 No drugs. FFA. Relationship poss. bin

Tough black and boys to fuck come and on some of this bullshit I'm talking Carl Weather, not Whitney Houston, Jermaine Jackson, not Don King. Whiteboy cocksucker wants to shoot some in your direction I'm looking for sex. Please don't send me brochures for your mail order business. Box 5951

Experienced SF sadist with lots of toys seeks
one pain-craving Levi boot masochist who
knows what he wants and can take it. Fantasy-
seeking JDers and limp-wristed fairies who
wimp out quickly in a scene need not respond.
Sadist is into whipping but wrenching CBT, TT,
padding and whatever other pbnsns the M
wishes to pick. S is tall, early 40s, cul.

Very hot-looking Latin, 30s, muscular well defined like mutual sh!t scenes and steaming
 P: JF on watching turds, gaping
 assholes, recycled bear sh!t smearing, dirty
 jocky shorts and lots of grunting action
 Looking for filthy minded hot hunky and hung
 studs to get our sweat holes going. Box 80561F

Daddy came out in 1968 and was
so much better than the other
45 he was in. He was in the
cass. Daddy is a writer, has been into S/M
scene for years. Send picture and we can talk
404 748



CASEY DONOVAN FUCKS SCOTT ANSWER IN AN ALL NEW KEY WEST MEMORY EARLY HOUSE

"Key West has always been one of our lifestyle's fantasy playgrounds. I can remember seeing Casey Donovan there many times over the years and thinking he was one of the hottest fantasies going. So, a lot of years ago long before any of us had ever heard about A.D.S., a Key West fantasy finally came true for me... and his name was Casey Donovan. I can't remember which was hotter, the sizzling afternoon temperature and humidity or the eye contact going on between Casey and me... but lust took on a whole new meaning that afternoon by the Early House pool. I promised myself one thing, the Donovan-dick-of-dynamite swelling and throbbing in his skin py white trunks was going to go off... up my ass. As I look back, the best part was that this "legend" was not only one of the hottest... but also one of the nicest men I'd ever met. And oh, what a fuck I was determined to give that man. Casey was in Key West this particular time on a shoot, and video equipment was being stored in his room. Even though neither of us knew much about the operation of the equipment, both of us thought it would be hot to capture the moment. And did we ever. Fucking and watching ourselves fuck-

ing on the monitor doubled the intensity, and we ended up with two things... a very hot dirty home movie, and a lasting friendship. There have always been only two copies of our Key West fuck... one for Casey, and one for me. Casey's gone now, but he had sent his Donovan/Answer copy to Mikal Bales at Zeus with a note saying "Mikal... do something with this. Love, Casey." Since Mikal and I have been involved in a relationship for a number of years, we decided to do just what Casey wanted. We went back to the best guest house in Key West... Early House... for me to recall that long ago fuck with Casey Donovan, and for Mikal to film it. After a sweaty, horny afternoon by the same pool. I went upstairs to the same room and worked my dick off hard and slow to a distant fantasy that had come true. "Early House" is a steamy, hot, tropical lush video of yours truly jacking off to the rock hard memory of Casey Donovan's cock bludgeoning my eager ass. If you get off on two very horny blond men going at each other's bodies like lions in heat, take a VCR vacation to Key West with me and Casey. I know he'd love it. And as for me... thanks, Casey, this one's for you."

Scott Answer

EARLY HOUSE

Casual Lodging in Paradise
507 Simonton St., Key West, FL 33040
(305) 296-0214



EARLY HOUSE/ZV-1002\$59.00
Proceeds from the video "EARLY HOUSE" will go to AIDS research in CASEY DONOVAN'S name from Zeus Studios & Publications

VOID IN FL, GA, NC, TN, TX, UT, AZ, NE, AND WHERE EVER PROHIBITED BY LAW

EARLY HOUSE

☐ ZV-1002 EARLY HOUSE/\$59.00 \$
Approx. 55 min. video

☐ VHS ☐ Beta

TOTAL OF ITEMS \$

Calif. Res. add 6½% Tax \$

Shipping (\$2.50 first, \$1.00 for each add) \$

TOTAL ORDER \$

Method of Payment: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Credit Card # _____ Expires _____

Signature _____ Date _____
Required if you are using a credit card

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____
(I am over 21 years of age)

THE ZEUS COLLECTION

BOX 64250

LOS ANGELES, CA 90064

RAUNCHY STINKING BEARDED

Relationship oriented. 35 5'10" 150. smelly bodies turn me on. Sharing each other's clothes, odors, piss, shit, puke, etc. Love out of doors, romantic. Want similar types. Bearded a must. PO Box 880647 San Francisco, CA 94188-0647 (LF6425)

SM RELATIONSHIP

I know it doesn't happen overnight but how does it start? I've tried bars, and made friends. But I want more. I want to meet a man who like me wants an SM relationship and will give me a chance to develop and grow and is not afraid to try. I'm safe sane mature 5'10" 6'10", 180, 50. Active and open to action. Prefer bottom but am experienced as top also. Your age, size, looks less important to me than your mind and attitude. Let's talk her meet. So send me your Tel # I'll call. PDB 31782 SF CA 94131

OVER DADDY'S KNEE

Little boy looking for big Daddy to tan his ass, teach proper discipline—boy knows how to please daddy. Likes his ass beat with paddles and Daddy's big hand. Then have Daddy plow boy's bubble butt. Bearded Daddies only. 1m 30" 120 lbs. smooth body Box 6466LF

ABUSE THIS PUSSY DADDY

Cunt bottom needs to serve horny arrogant stud Top—red assed! Use verbal abuse discipline, corporal punishment and humiliation to get all the ass and head you want your way! HIV. No drugs, please. Box 6477

SEEKING S.F. LEATHER MASTER

Masculine white, 30-year-old SF leather. seek training by experienced leather master (top). My interests are heavy bondage and safe S&M but no long-term. Have well equipped playroom, need to be firmly secured in leather restraints during training (take my punishment like a man but am safe-sex oriented (no fluid, blood, FF). Skilled Tops planning to be in area invited to write ahead to assure memorable visit. Discretion is required and reciprocated. Your photo appreciated and returned on request. Box 5870LF

GLOVES/CIGARS/MARLBOROS

Fuckin SKINTIGHT black leather gloves cap. pin a stogie or Marlboro get my dick hard. Also into fuckin hot redneck verbal shit and UNIFORMS Jim (415) 673-1284

HAYWARD TO LIVERMORE

and vicinity Wanted: sexy firm bottom for repeat encounters. Submit to orders (leg harness bondage, paddle and more. Inexpensive. Okay I'm W.M. 165 lbs. 35 handsome, with dark features, together safe, and imaginative. Send photo (preferred), self-description and your ideas. Box 6561LF

WHIPPING MASTERS NEEDED

by wild slave for constant belt and huge insertions stretching this wild slave to scream for more. Into enema and medical trips heavily tied and gagged by hairy extremely hung tattooed masters. 415 625-3047

MISS DADDY'S DISCIPLINE?

CWM will discipline "son." 18-26 (only). Are you very goodlooking smooth boyish, not overweight—maybe have "prappy" look? Daddy will order you to drop am. Continued disobedience will result in introduction to Canadian school strap, punishment enemas, other humiliations. I'm 44 (look younger), former headmaster in England when CP was allowed. Latins and Asians especially welcome to reply J.D. 537 Jones St #3905 San Francisco, CA 94102

IF YOU LOVE TO SUCK DICK

and in beard may be your man. W.M. 40 5'10" 160 hairy, beely silver black 40 hairy, beely silver black cheeks. Tits. 40 hairy, beely silver black sex 25-40. 40 hairy, beely silver black have a companion. 40 hairy, beely silver black Photo phone. 40 hairy, beely silver black

WET AND WILD

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MASTER

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MOSTACHED FACESTTERS

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HEY BOY!

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ASS WORSHIP

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MASCULINE REAL

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MATURE BODYBUILDER/LEATHERMAN
Good-looking, professional WM 35-50' 160 lbs. well built, looking for professional man over 40 who can introduce me to leather lifestyle and share with the excitement of healthy body, dressed in leather and a productive professional career as well. You won't be disappointed if you are genuine. Box 805016

Good-looking albino trim, tan 28 boy, 8'1"
165 lbs. Huge thick cock. Looking for hot
sluts, cops, military to be arrested, strap
searched, cuffed and used. All American Boy
into BD, CB, T. fantasy. Wrestle me down bind
me gag me and rape me repeatedly. Come on
Sir arrest me! Box 60541.

72" 188, n-shape cut p-nips slatched. BR
q ey. Bl-Hzi GWM, healthy, antibody + non
2stapz smoke sensual-n-hot Educ & train-
able. own home & mobile. prof & love ties +
intimacy & intensity. Foto-n-phone recip d.
Graham. Bok 5412, F

2B, 5'8" 145. smooth novice GP FA. *See*
Master like bondage eager to learn. Box
371454 San Diego, CA 92137 1464

Hot bottom, 36, 5.5' 130, good gym body
thinning blonde, pierced, wants dominant daddy
topman. Turn-ons: beards, hairy chests, cigars,
weather, tattoos, manmell. Scenes: oil, pig,
bondage, cuffs, catheters, hot wax, slings
This good-looking man wants to satisfy you
No smoke, drugs. If you want it, take it. Box
662@LF

Decidedly for . . . abuse-hungry, white stud
sonofabitch, gung-ho to discharge duties as
Convict/Slave/Animal Prisoner. Captive to sad
istic kink-ass, tall-booted, uniformed Black stud
43 who demands intense disciplined workout,
exacting punishment torture to reinforce proper
attitude and behavior. Direct letter w/mandatory
foto to PO Box 2524 Chino, CA 91708
(LF5987)

Tony, in full leather or full CM P gear and uniforms with tall hot black boots, at 10 be serviced by hot, hung leather studs, any race Mike, waiting to service hot booted leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung, good-looking and into FF WS, JO VA boot-service and other hot scenes. Have toys, sling, mkr, rope and video. Mike and/or Tony 1213, 777-D122 PO Box 47552 Los Angeles, CA 90047. No JO or bullshit calls and no calls after 11 PM.

MANHANDLE MY BIG COCK/BALLS
GWM hung big and uncut need heavy CBT it's
all yours! PO Box 5001 El Monte CA 91734

Very hot, hard-body bottom, muscular 5'10"
175, 36, wants raunchy muscular top to put
me in my place. Age (younger or older)
unimportant. Good bod and dominant attitude
are. If you want a stud slave, with spirit write
with pic to Switchholder. Suite 304, 12228
Venice Blvd., L.A. CA 90066

HOUSEMAN/SEAVE WANTED
Two dominant WM professionals (42-44) seek mature bottom as permanent houseman/servant in unique household. We will provide love, discipline, further personal development. You must totally commit mind and body to us. **NO SEXUAL ABUSE.** **NO DRUGS.** **NO SMOKING.** Intelligent, obedient WM 25-45. Submit detailed letter/photo to SHACK, Box 621015.

Experienced bottom. 47 into serious bondage
mummification

[illegible]

WM 32 5 10", 160 lbs. very hot. horny wants
to meet experienced novice in scene Phone
up to 11 PM PST No JO calls (213) 669-0065

If you are the master of your life and want to be the master of mine. I'm 34 bottom, husky and honest, looking for a dominant man in his 30s to 40s and successful! Looks are less important than attitude. I offer a genuine commitment to the one who can accept true submission. I don't expect perfection but I'll treat you as if you are. Sammy (714) 220-0513 (65661f)

Currently taking applications for cock-boys & sex slaves, to service my 9'X7" mastercock

Faint, illegible handwritten notes.

[illegible]

1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the situation and the goals that need to be achieved.

Looking for kinky bottom for sale play Ropes. Fantasies and spankings are some of my favorite things. Ma. cleanshaven 31 5'10" 165 lbs., uncut, in-shape top. You height, weight proportionate, 21-45 in L.A./Long Beach area. Ethnic, beginners welcome. Send letter/photo (no photo/no reply) to Box 64731F.

Hot big man 6' 190 lbs. needs punish, humili-
for having small cock. Needs master to cut
and be him down use paddle on his big balls.
then hear him cry when master turns clippers
on to shave his head. Letter and phone to Box
58,09

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 13

Seeks hung man to worship Call (213) 281-6680

33. B: W M Horny and sexy Hung and hot built and beautiful Experienced Seeking opportunities Any scene OK w other hunks s: Cue the spotlight open the curtain and give me S M S D W S imagination Give (accept) the challenge. let's blow our minds Greg (714) 499-4079 (No J. Q calls) Box 6562

WANTED CHINO PRISONER

1. $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{4}$
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 10. $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{4}$

Training might include VA, bondage, boots, TT/CBT wax, shaving and milk bones. Puppy can be reached at "Puppy," Box 148 7985 Santa Monica Blvd #109 West Hollywood CA 90069-1148

[illegible]

Moi bearded GWM 5'10" 165 pounds hairy
7 cul, seeks partner for mutual kink and safe
touch scenes, who is also HIV-positive. Into

$\bar{a} = \frac{1}{n} \sum_{i=1}^n a_i$
 $\bar{b} = \frac{1}{n} \sum_{i=1}^n b_i$
 $\bar{c} = \frac{1}{n} \sum_{i=1}^n c_i$

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

25. 5'9", 160 lbs., dark hair moustache
Seeks son for face fucking and ass plowing
Limits respected, but must be willing to
expand them Must be in shape under 30 and
willing to commit himself to my lifestyle Send
detailed letter with current experience and
specifications, photo and phone Box
5967LF

and ready to be abused Novice, 48, 170 lb.
hungry and submissive, seeking expert, level
handed top who respects limits to fulfill my
bondage fantasy to be stripped immobilized
and up, chained spanked steadily, but not
brutally, till my tight round firm buns glow
then use a condom to fuck me Dominate with
ropes, rack, paddle, whip, chains and expose
my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or
friends Toys, some ill work, but no heavy
...in No WS, FF scat, shaving drugs, damage
please Submissive and respectful, but not
humiliated bottom GW PO Box 18005 Denver,
CO 80218

for life bondage. No SAM. I'm GWM. SO Top
Mountain climb, run tennis, hike travel (303)
972 4177

Open minded BM. 33.62" 175 board. not aggressive very masculine rugged ty. in Leatherman (30 45) for training and sale BONE Bn 658c

One or both One SB dark bearded, uncut
G-P toilet mouth likes big black meat Other
SB blond clean shaven G A&P likes dirty
uncut white meat Both will try anything. Box
5506

I'm really not a Leather Party member. I'm a white, non-racist, experienced When was your last good service job? Will travel, photo appreciated Box 832616

WM, 42 5'11", 175 45 chest, 30" waist
well built, together, toned, erotic lean,
muscular, non smoker, use, abuse, whipping
salesman Ex-military special warfare Related
Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, "Story of O."
3 1/2 Weeks. "Image," "Beauty Trilogy, J.W.
PO Box 44029, Ft Washington MD 20744
1. F5030

GWM, 40, 5'10" b.b.b, 150 lbs, mustache, goatee seeking other men into good kinky but safe sex, brotherhood and friendship. Am versatile and intelligent with many interests both sexual and nonsexual. Special turn-ons include titwork, haw tats. PO Box 2341 Manassas, VA 22110 1 Sat-Off

DADDY'S BOY
WM 32 seeks tough but tender jock-wearing dad. This boy is into paddles, straps, some TT/C&B, mild SM but heavy into ass play, dildoes, etc. Are you my Daddy? Allen (20), 332 7017 (LF5983)

SLAVE NEEDS TRAINING
Willing to submit to Master for humiliation discipline. S&M TT C&B work, whippings and whatever else Master determines for proper training. Slave is 35, 200 5'11" blond, little body hair, pierced and ringed. Sir please let me serve you. Box 6249LF

FLORIDA

HOT CREATIVE TRAINING
A whip on your back, clamps on your tits, a training collar—make your cock hard? Accomplished professional, skilled sadist, power oriented man—am healthy w m 5'11" 175 early 30s, in shape and damn hot. Intelligent, sensitive but harsh. I want one man who needs continuing training sessions. To reply, you must be w m healthy, male 25-35, 5'7" 11" seeking safe, lover-headed but intensely serious man to man encounter. My pleasure comes in training another professional to submit many ways—yours in the training itself. If this gets you a thrill, get mine—photo, phone. Temp. only. Box 8594

DAD WANTED
YOJ 30+ stable top ME 32 230 black blue beard'stich into FF ball stretching B.D verbal abuse, dildoes, shaving, leather poppers and uniforms. Stable, self-employed healthy HT, ex-nsg, beginning BB. Needs prolonged workouts. Send letter and photo to Behr PO Box 3166 Venice FL 34293 Same will be sent in return (LF60581)

COCK TORTURE SPECIALIST
Sought for innovative prolonged cock bondage torture asshole dilation. Medical techniques, i.e. numbing catheters, other devices a plus. Challenge my head with your letter and put my dick in your hands. Will travel to genuine pro. Excellent marine medic do not freak easily. Miami Box 6217LF

ASSLICKEE
39 yo WM 5'9" 158 smooth body 7" South Florida, experienced asslicker looking for sweaty bluecollar types or rugged males for intensive asslicking and body worship sessions. You know who you are. You will not be disappointed. Box 6297LF

COMING TO KEY WEST?
GWM, 30s, 6'2" 175 lbs muscular and hung seeking dominant, big-dicked leathermaster(s) into boots, uniforms, SM BD VA and more for hot intense and uninhibited safe scenes. I will submit to your needs. Photo, phone please—all answered. PO Box 893, Key West FL 33041

RESEARCH/RESEARCH
5'10" 175 26 B cut, above-average looks seeks hot dominant top with equipped slave room features, extensive leather rubber latex gear toys for restraint, submission, control, sensory deprivation, sexual enhancement, fetish exploration and, above all, achieving mutual orgasm. Safe and sane only. Limits. An scenes approachable. FL Lauderdale area. Detailed letter, nude photo returned, mine phone if possible. Box 6496LF

RESEARCH/RESEARCH
Orlando—27 yo, 5'10", 195 lbs., GWM chubby, bearded, shy, inexperienced but am fucking horny. Looking for older chubby bearded daddy tutor type willing to patiently teach me the ropes. Eager to be taught most everything including leather scene. Like toys, dildoes, rubbers and watching X-rated videos. Box 6548LF

GEORGIA

SEMI EXPERIENCED
GWM 38 5'10", 155 lbs. moustache all active professional, stable, mature, fun-loving, anti-bar seeks singles, couples or groups for expansion of mutually agreed upon top and/or bottom safe scenes (leather B.D. TT photos S/M, etc.) Inexperienced OK. Visitors welcome. Monogamous relationship with right person. PO Box 7625 Atlanta GA 30358 1125 (404) 636 1688

RESEARCH/RESEARCH
GWM 32 5'11" 155 lbs. attractive honest responsible has top or bottom fantasies involving rubber bondage dildoes, etc (no pain). Ultimately hope to enjoy a totally monogamous, loving relationship but also have need for safe experience with a trustworthy, completely honest man. PO Box 36022 Decatur Georgia 30032 (5774LF)

OBEDIENT BOY(S) WANTED
By hairy, husky Dad 5'8" You're 21-35, tr m with profound need to surrender yourself for exhibition and frequent safe hard use. I'll provide affection, understanding, abuse, humiliation, as needed. No pain. Part time or more. Photo appreciated, application. Master/servant. PO Box 52946 Atlanta GA 30355

TOP TO TOP
Dedicated decadent Atlanta top needs heavy, hairy same for mutual man-to-man (an ass). Each versatile enough to explore inner space, butch enough to drive a pig. No bottoms. And apply I already own one. Convincing letter, photo, indecent intentions required. Playroom open weekends. Box 6572LF

TRAINING
Young men wanted for computerized training experimentation. Live-in for two who will need transportation but pay. In Atlanta area. Atlanta Perimeter. Ideal for student young man leaving home (discharged vet). Write Boxholder PO Box 105 Decatur GA 30031

CHRISTOPHER RAGE

Special to DRUMMER readers...order BEST FIST and BAD ASS before Oct. 31, 1988 and get BOTH TAPES for \$99 (plus \$4 shipping) ABSOLUTELY NO ORDERS ACCEPTED FOR THIS SPECIAL AFTER OCT. 31, 1988!



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MUSCULAR BLACK MALE
6 foot 160 pounds, 30, 30-inch waist, 42-inch chest, Hispanic looks wants muscular white male to play with Answer with photo Mike 2542 Dale #1405, Honolulu, HI 96825

Weightlifter, 26, 5'9", 175 lbs., punching
diodes, fun drugs away Call 808 941 2475 or
write Box 6529

HORSE WANTED
6' 205 lbs., 60 yr Daddy Master wants any age 220 lb+ BB or strong heavyset slave or him to carry me piggyback, on shoulders and back for strongman stunts, mutually pump iron, nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex with me. Reward is my good pec, lt, nipple play, kisses, PO Box 1395 Marrose Park, IL 60 60 Box 86721F

Humpy, hairy, sexy Chicago boy, 30, wants pipe or piggy back for new experiences. Other possible turn-ons: forskin, watersports, light bear bellies, confidence, intelligence. Send a photo Rick, PO Box 578696 Chicago, IL 60657. 8696

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-19-2006 BY 60322 UCBAW/BJS

[illegible]

Level-headed white daddy, 48-6'3" 190 lbs.
with well-equipped dungeon playroom, wants
bottoms/slaves for humiliation, discipline,
floggery. Will work w/ up to 9's if c'd in
advance. Please write to: [redacted]
[redacted] teach teachers how to
jock Asians & Latinos welcome. Bring your
jock let's play. Box 61011F

LOOKING FOR YOUNG GUYS IN UNION SUITS.
Longjohns and underwear 38-42. BMW and most
underwear uniform scenes. Safe scenes includ-
ing J/G, French A/P with lots of underwear. White
Jay Box 179 608 W. Barry Chicago IL 60657

LET ME HELP

1. I can eat ALL 25 + 5 = 30 days of food
 15 + 25 = 40 days of food
 30 days of food

2. I can eat 15 + 25 = 40 days of food
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SEEK NG MEN OF KINK
25 DOB 1/5/41 M 5'10" 160 lbs 100% K
G Y SEVERE young man a d...
T... with DOB A... w...
dry into...
your own flavor Teach me the Midwest isn't
really this dull Expand my horizons. please
Box 6552LF

Daddies: pluses—cigars, cham, beerguts, lilly boots, cheese, mean, lilly mouth, heavy belt/razor strop, hard strokes, Dick-suckers; you'll crawl and your boy dick will drip from the abuse you'll suffer. Slow painful assbeatings/floggings. CB 1 bondage Daddy or dicksucker write for intense painful Power sex. Male ritual. Box 6233LF.

YOUNG BB NEEDS FUCK BUDDY
6'1", 210, wants hot masculine men (top or bottom) 21-40 for safe but serious play interests: bondage, shaving, CBT, SM, spanking, massage and ??? Special turn-ons (not required) uncut, hairy, tattooed Long-term relationship possible with right guy Can travel Photo and detailed letter to Box 60711 F

ATTN: TRUCKERS, BIKERS, COPS
 Slava 31 6'3" 171 lb 10 service Goodlook-
 ing, Well built! Well hung Truckers, Bikers or
 Cops while passing through Des Moines, Iowa
 (50-135) A real dick pleaser offers fantastic
 face fucking, hand and ass on Ht Max in
 Truckers, Biker n Cops. Local sex agents
 like me who Play n Sex Bikes and
 Trucks n Cars On n going n others
 are all n sex n at the
 local sex agents and complete
 address and a pho
 Lee, PO Box 7223 Grand Station, Des Moines,
 Iowa 50319

Sir? This bottom needs you. A HOT muscular TOP to expand my limits and whip me back into shape. My name is _____ I live in _____ This is _____ If I don't hear from you by _____ I will try anything except piercings, scald head shaving, or permanent damage. Box 62621

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HOT COP BOOT LICKER

THE NEW THINKER

\$5. each
3 for \$12.

SEND CASH, CHECK OR M.O. TO:

GALERIE LEON

PO BOX 13151 DENVER, CO 80201 (303) 733-5431

also see pages 50 and 51 of this issue of *Drummer*

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YOUR SPECIFICATIONS**
Send S.A.S.E. for quote

MASTER DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant Master/daddy, 36, 5'10", 155 seeks slave for weekend occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot young studs with good build. The Master PO Box 1373 Manhattan KS 66502

FROM KISSING TO SCAT

No pain condoms for screwing. Otherwise anything goes, WS FF 69, scat. I'm top and bottom, 33, attractive, professional and intelligent. You are under 35, honest, no substance additions, and attractive. Prefer clean shaven. Can travel KCMO to OKC. Write soon with photo and phone to box 6456LF

KENTUCKY NIGHTCRAWLER

Leatherbottom, GWM 35 5'9", 145 lbs beard versatile, openminded and stable. Likes leather, porn, cigars, cyclists and fantasy scenes. Looking for a healthy man for shared interests. Reply with photo to Box 5515LF

MOTORCYCLE COP

New Orleans WM 32 6' 165 seeks WM into heavy into leather. Too hot black leather. There is no such thing as too much black leather. Tall, black leather boots, breeches, gloves, chaps, harnesses, jeans, jackets, caps, belts. Prefer to be bottom, but am versatile. Also into toys. My breached ass works on a K.O. by days, and ride Yamaha V-Max at night in leather. Also have a Suzuki G5X R1000 and am heavy into motorcycles and motorcycle gear. Please only into 80 SM—light. Action only. Cigar smoker. Phone JO ok. Call (504) 282-0729. PO Box 57151 New Orleans, LA 70157. No novices, if you aren't dedicated to leather, call someone else.

SADIST

Some experienced gay white male master 43 seeks masochistic gay male slaves for medium to heavy S&M, B&D, torture sessions. It's torture, cock & ball torture, anal work, flogging, whipping, shaving, hot wax, endurance & most safe scenes & sex. Must be firm, masculine, clean & willing, a few limits OK. Send pix location southern Maine Box 6431LF

TORTURE A TURN-ON

Tall lean obedient slave 25, seeks creative master for mild to heavy S&M. PO Box 7726 Lewiston ME 04243-7726

MARYLAND

ON-CALL SLAVE & SHAVING SERVICE. Wanted GWM slave 18-40 to be on call into shaving, TT, CBT, B.D. Must have transportation. Send photo, limits & telephone. Most limits respected. No drinkers or drugs. Also tired of shaving your slave or do you want a shave? Write reasonable prices. Address letter to Sirs I am 174 53 Box 6153LF

PART TIME MASTER NEEDED

By slave bottom with lover who doesn't like to dominate this 34 8' 175 Baltimore WM Need to serve and service leather clad or uniformed master his dick, boots, body as he demands. Not into FF scat shaving. Photo appreciated and returned with mine. Sw Box 6625LF

FUCK, "I'M STARVED!"

Relocated Master W M 29 5'8" 150lb, 40 chest 30" waist hung boy seeks slave menu to satisfied "hungry-man appetite". Entice my hunger with meal photo (you) and menu (FR a/p, S/p, toys, etc.) to 80' PO Box 2113, Columbia, Maryland 21045. Masters who share welcomed! Box 6546LF

MASSACHUSETTS

SCAT SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

Young scat slave respectfully seeking Master of shit and humbly requesting to be smeared with shit. Bondage necessary. Will eat my own dump if Master instructs so, however forced feeding may be necessary. Urinal service provided by Master's request. Masters groups, mutuals please reply. Box 6147LF

SMALL MASCULINE MAN

into heavy physical abuse and bondage wanted by masculine, hairy, hung, sadistic 40-yr into C/BT, body punching, whipping. You be firm in shape and able to endure punishment along with affection. Box 5986LF

LEATHER BIKER

Bearded, full-leather Harley rider also intelligent professional wants buddy for friendship riding, conversation and good hard safe sex. Am WM 38 5'10" Box 8098LF

TRAINING NEEDED

GWM 50 6'1", 185 mature and sane, mostly bottom. Interested to meet or correspond with mostly totally Top men. Have experience, but need to learn or be trained. Open to suggestions, ownership to work towards, as well as open to experimentation. Seek honesty. Replies to PO Box 811, Boston, MA 02146 (LF6140)

OLD MASTER EYES

for 48-year old slave, 6'1", 190 lbs, white. Seeks son Master for exploration via mental and physical abuse and control. PO Box 811 Boston, MA 02146

HEALTHY FUN-LOVING

Healthy, fun-loving, fit dudes, 20-40 interested in joining leather bike buddies club. Do you enjoy cruisin' in black jacket, boots worn Levis, Gauntlet gloves, chaps? Meet some good biker friends. Framingham Metro West area. Sane, straight acting guys. Not a sex ad. Ideas, suggestions, interests, write John. PO Box 5087 Natick MA 01760-5087

MASTER SEEKS SECOND SLAVE

Master 60s, sexually 40s, and slave 20s are looking for second GWM slave. Applicant should be about 6' weight about 160. NO facial hair. Master and slave are into leather, HEAVY rubber, bondage, SM, etc. Applicant must have driver's license, be able to work part time. Be able to relocate immediately. Call (413) 267-5278 before 10 PM EST

RELOCATED MASTER

by GWM 45 5'8" 150 slave must be into 80 CBT/T, shaving, enemas, spanking. Master can be affectionate or demanding. Photo, phone to Box 6372LF

MARY TOPMAN

Wanted 2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222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Looking for bottom. Must be mature, prefer under 5'8". Time to spend at the gym (not looking for BB) at the Spike J's and time to provide services when needed. I'm 45 5'9" 180 very quiet, passive and serious. No drugs. Must limits respected. Box 6097, f

or trim. Me 6', 200 lbs. attractive, 49 years.
Bondage TT, lace wrapping, Mind control
submissive disciplined punishment! Leather
fantasy torture & prisoner scenarios. No body
fluids, raunch, drugs. Safe, mean, monoga-
mous. My rules obeyed gets you rough tender
friend. Photo, phone, letter Box 8118, F

landsome Tag dog, 34 6" 210 lb. beard hairy
yuppie executive offers support/worship. rit-
tick as grateful, obedient property of clear
muscular healthy, straight son who lets m-
off while taking a long, slow leak down my
throat. Sincere, no scat/Greek SM BD. Box
6224-LF

TOUGH BODY BUILDER SON WANTED
by 5' 200-lb muscular son dad. Son must
need cock and ball torture, lit work and gut
punching. Dad will develop weak spots and
weak body. Commander Live in and
out. Son must need Photo and phone
must Snigotti body wanted for this hair
in man. Box 42717

Need WM 35- to teach me to feed from his hairy wide ass. Ma good looking boyish WM (27 160 brntr 5'9") eager to learn. Prefer beard balding verbal, hai y w natural body. chunky NYC area Box 8298.F

Dad seeks bottom (son) for serious relationship GWM 48 5'10 170 BR
aware, sensitive, adventurous, in-
sparking, safe Gr A, Frig ass play, toys You
any race good body, serious about commu-
nity Phone (necessary) photo to Box 774
2d3A W 19 St NYC NY 10011

This pussy boy has a hot wet mouth, nice br
its and a total tight pussys hole. Love to serve an
service a daddy and his friends. Love water
sports and getting fucked. Especially love bl
black cocks. Reply Lannie. Box 850 c/o DMS
132 W 24th St. NYC, NY 10011 JLF6389

Looking for narcissistic uninhibited clean-cut innocent-looking youth, any age under 30, who can get into serious dominance & creative sapism. Obsessive need to totally serve and support such a person in an on-going relationship. I am 43, 6'2", blue eyes, brown grey hair athletic build, clean cut & considered good-looking and am a true bottom. Experience not necessary, but an arrogant controlling personality is Serious. (opens to Tom Box 638)

31 150, 5'9" 11m light ass needs rough ride on your condom-covered cock. Healthy & Inactive submissive desires to lick your balls service your foot and have face slapped with your big dick into spankings, bondage, dildos VA, and some cuddling given by masculine hard directive but warm dominant. Monogamous relationship possible. Please include vital stats Sir Box 636.

in time before Earth was ever created and
 before any of the things that we see
 around us were ever made.

11. $f: A \rightarrow B$ is a function from A to B .
 (a) $T \rightarrow B$ is a function from T to B .
 (b) $f: T \rightarrow B$ is a function from T to B .
 (c) $f: T \rightarrow B$ is a function from T to B .
 (d) $f: T \rightarrow B$ is a function from T to B .

$\frac{d}{dt} \left(\frac{1}{2} m v^2 + U(r) \right) = 0$

type bodybuilder leatherman top Ages 29 to 32 Need top who is patient to show me the

1. Составьте предложения по образцу.
 2. Составьте предложения по образцу.
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 9. Составьте предложения по образцу.
 10. Составьте предложения по образцу.

39. 180 not into mutual display and fun W & L looking for smelly partner to enjoy Getting into each other man to man. Box 6266

[illegible]

for serious relationship GWM 46 5 10 , 170
BB, athletic top, masculine, sensitive, adven-
turous, into many scenes especially spanking.
(sale Gr A, assplay B D You any race good
body serious about a commitment Phone (a
must) photo to Box 774, 263A W 19 St. NYC,
NY 10011

Hot dude into cop and firemen macho gear
in 38 W'some. 6 ft, 185 manly Guaranteed
to blow your mind away into most trips RAP
to me about yours Your fantasy or real life
scene is probably mine PO Box 421 Palm
Beach Fl 33460-0421 Travel US W's get
drippin time, buddy

[illegible]

LEATHER BODY

H C + r A E L D JS Bg Rgt
A - " G a o n Big ? vs
T F Y P S O E = 36 Tm
T F L T PP y AF
FEDY L L A B L N P
W W A R T
A A A B L

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff, featuring various notes and rests.

call and foot lucking. L/L mouth and tongue
drier to extra special turn-on of heel boots
socks, and jocks. Absolute turn-off to over-
all...
Iron Square Station NYC NY 10159 Exper
ence & req: MAN LF5573

$\text{H}_2\text{O} + \text{H}_2\text{O} \rightarrow \text{H}_3\text{O}^+ + \text{OH}^-$
 $\text{H}_2\text{O} + \text{H}_2\text{O} \rightarrow \text{H}_3\text{O}^+ + \text{OH}^-$
 $\text{H}_2\text{O} + \text{H}_2\text{O} \rightarrow \text{H}_3\text{O}^+ + \text{OH}^-$

[illegible]

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and their corresponding dates. The names are: John A. Smith, James B. Jones, William C. Brown, and Robert D. White. The dates are: 1910, 1911, 1912, and 1913.

York, NY 10011 (LF6290

GANG RAPE
WM 37-5-9" Asphyx needs rough assplay, ng and mouthstuffy rape plas. V.A. spit by cops, uniforms, frats, street gangs, rough tops. Healthy and expect same. Also into tough topman domination, armplay, foreskin, B.D. Bluecollar hung, noisy roughfuckers a plus. Detailed action, photo to Box 64271F

GWM 30s B handsome, smooth slim Gr/p. Frang, submissive but responsive seeks tall dominant muscular guy to worship, photograph, have sex and/or relationship with. You are 20-50 and anything but pain and humiliation goes. Love sex/tl play. Your photo ensures reply and my photo. Perhaps you could teach me a few things. (718) 768-1842

by healthy servile white European slave 42
5'10", 165 lbs., 8 1/4" semi-cut I need hot and
horny abuse from a demanding black master
into S&M, CBT, TT, BD, WS, toilet training
Whip me and teach me to worship and totally
service your black body. Will travel. Suite K52
476A Hudson Street New York, NY 10014

49 5 1", trim, clean-shaven disciplinarian will inspect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence, obedience over arrogance ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recognize corporal punishment as a time-tested but often derided ritual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior Box 4781LF

From stud son who demands obedience from his passive Daddy. Failure is punished by humiliation, verbal abuse, enforced wearing fem undies, baby panties. Letter with photo phone Box 8444

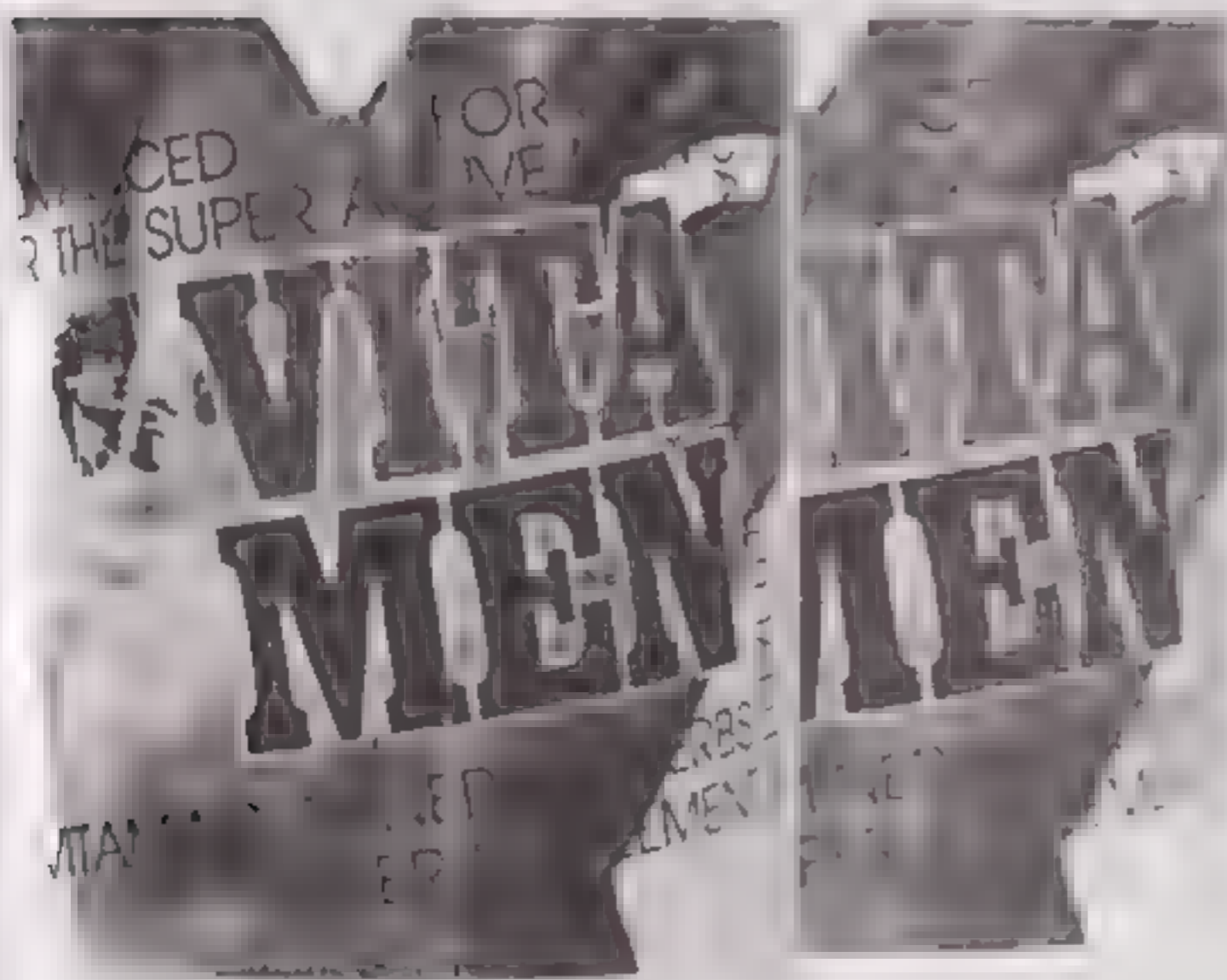
Shit eater seeks top feeder or guy into mutual scenes for heavy duty shit with action and monogamous relationship. Prefer man who likes keeping his ass raunchy and sinking between dumps. I test MY neg have been very careful; expect same. Am 40, 5'10" average build. NYC Box 6465

Forget pain, loneliness, stress. Surrender
body mind soul. You will become aware
of your reality and of what makes
you truly happy. Age stops? At
least you can experience happiness?
Learn new Magic ways to worship and
experience metaphysical things easily.
We've heightened Your chance for lov-
ing & love being happiness, future Don't
miss it Grab it

NYC FF expert 38 5'10" 155 lbs. smooth
gym bod shok hand wld holt with playroom
& sling. seeks versatile very horny trim hol
local FF buddy 20-40 in 160 lbs., into body
wr hip JD oil wrestling, smoke, aroma and
aww comp mutual listing, hopefully repeatable:
C 10 SE 34th St PO Box 3 10015 New York NY
C 25

Deedmore advertised a expansion of employment. Spanking, kissing balls, licking ear and obeying his actions are part of a beautiful. You may now stop by your balls and we will let me know you. Box 6536

NOW YOU HAVE TWO REASONS TO BUY **VITA-MEN**



You probably don't need the VITA-MEN formula if you are not a male, 21 years of age or older. Or if you are and you consume a perfect diet daily, with little or no junk food, consume no alcohol nor smoke, keep regular hours and there is little or no stress in your life.

And if your idyllic life includes no exposure to whatever it is that causes colds and flu along with many of the other communicable diseases that plague mankind.

Now, we certainly are not claiming that VITA-MEN or IMMUNITABS will make you immune to all the things that are going around, but considering what's going around, we honestly feel that your chances are considerably better if your body is operating with its immune system on battle-stations alert.

There are a great many reasons for preferring VITA-MEN products to the run-of-the-mill drug store variety. Or even most of the mega-formula brands with something for everyone.

If you are a young man, aged 21 to whatever, after cleaning up your act, may we suggest you perfect your diet. You are whatever goes inside you. And VITA-MEN was designed by dedicated doctors to do just that, buddy.

DAY, ONLY

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San Francisco, CA 94142-2009

Quick! Before this offer expires, send me a limited supply of VITA-MEN for the price of one—\$24.95.

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☐ Charge it to my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

No. _____ Exp. _____

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2 for 1 OFFER!



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10¢ per minute or less

CHEAP & EASY



Picture this
You're horny (again).

So you pick up the
phone and punch a few numbers.

Some other dude comes on the line.
Some other horny cude. Live meat,
unrehearsed, and you've got him on the
phone.

Now what do you do?

That's your business

To join, call the Connector at

(415) 346-8747.



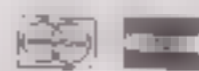
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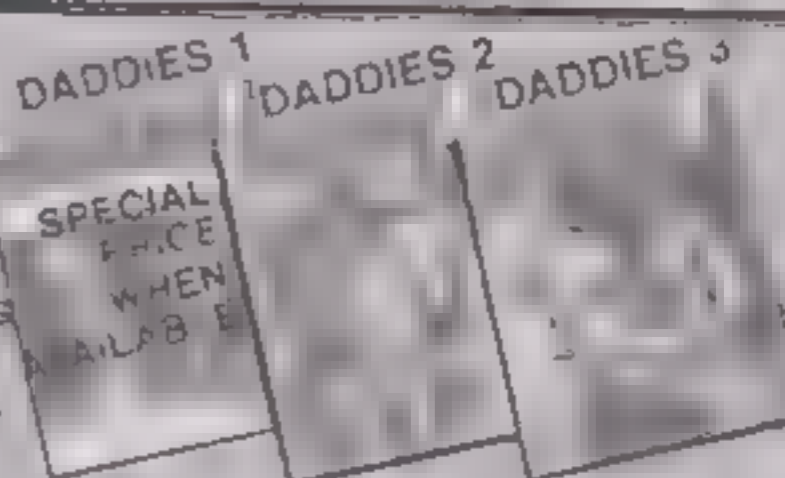
Must be 18 years or older



OUTSIDE CA 1-800-666-0690

DRUMMER

IN SEARCH OF
OLDER MEN



MASTER/TOPI

seeking slave bottoms who are serious about the life style, but who are not looking for permanent relationships. I travel and can be almost anywhere at will. I want to enjoy the friendships as well as the S/M relationships I seek. I am a sadist and I will enjoy your discomforts... BUT I WILL NEVER HARM YOU. Contact Box 4255LF

LEATHER N UNIFORM LAT NO

Macho-Handsome-Tough 30, 5'8" slim, defined 135 lbs Black hair brown eyes, thick stach. Wants slim handsome hung VERY Macho Top 25-45 Who craves prolonged oral service in action—both in Total Leather Police uniforms. Light V A-B-D-TT pol & peppers SS. Photo giv's same NYC & NJ & JSA Box 6557LF

NYC BODYBUILDER

looking to be fussed up helplessly GWM, 29, 5'9" 65 Br/Br clean shaven wants to be roped lightly. Also wrestling, TT, CB, etc etc Safe only. Phone photo to Box 6534

SEXY PISS DRINKER

Hot clean cut 38 healthy bottom seeks handsome healthy top man who likes to be serviced. Photo, phone if possible Box 6528

ACCOMPLISHED FIST-FUCKERS wanted. Big hole seeks same. Both ways encounters and search for other arms 35-59" 160, Box 358, Cooper Station, NY 10003

HORNY CHELSEA MAN

5'11" 175, 35 dark hair, blue eyes beard hairy, craves hot guys who like to fuck ass. Also into sucking, WS, deep kissing rimming, and raunchy "anything goes" sex. No phone J/O 212 627-0685 Box 20099-LTS, NYC 10011

BIG, PIERCED TITS, UPSTATE BERSHIRE Pierced, bearded Leatherman mid-thirties, 6'4" 200 lbs handsome and in good shape into sensual and/or heavy tit play and piercing. Seeks handsome Leather with similar interests Box 6620LF

LEATHER-COD-PEACE

Chaps, boots/rubber/tights/worship + fondle + handle + admire + lick. Serve with mutual respect and trust. Serious! No bullshit interested? While 40' 5'10" 135 Mustache Short hair thick endowment. Limits few Box 6543

LOOKING FOR A MAN

31 160, hot, looking for someone to play with likes raunch and hot ass-play. Are you hot? Do you want to have a good time? Phone photo to Box 6564

CAUGHT YOU BAD BOY (18+)

Reading Drummer Choose punishment Get 1st offence. barasa spanking or paddle Grampa's firm white butt. No hustlers-drugs. Look—you're bulging PO 1625 NYC 10011

BIG BOYS SUMMER JOB

Big Bk hard beer-bellied Dad professional 36 seeks 21-45 mus. to husky older son to help tend younger brother 32 whiteboy professional with tight swimmer's body. Further responsibilities include skilful servicing of Dad's big nipples while safely tilling Junior's shaved butthole or deep throat. Creative role playing very important Box 6589

DRUMMER

G. look W guy, 30 6'2" 160 looking for 18-25 yo w/guy style punk, leather const. worker etc. Let me clean your dirty place and take care of your sexual and natural needs. I enjoy VA and punishment if needed. Phone and photo a must returned w mine Box 659

SATURDAY NIGHT AT TH' TUBS.

I WANT TO GET TASSO
SOMETHING SPECIAL
FOR HIS BIRTHDAY
BUT I'M HAVING A
TOUGH TIME.

OH?

YEAH - WHAT D'YOU
GET FOR THE MAN
WHO'S HAD EVERYBODY?

BY HERTZ VAN KENTAL

TOPS

into gang bangin hot 27 yo. straight raunchy bag, write Box 6596

PROF TITTEACHER REQUIRED

New York City beginner's tits want to move to advanced Step by step a to z, one to ten easy to hard. Weekly meetings requested over a few months. your place 38 average height etc Send resume describing experience. Serious only need apply. Box 6599

POLICE BUFF...

wants to meet MOS to horse around with (nothing heavy) in and/or out of the bag. I have flexible hours. No heavy drinkers. Parking is available (If I am to contact you at a public phone allow several contact times) Box 6605

NEED HOT BOOT AND SHOE THERAPY

GWM 32 yrs, 5'7", 161 lbs. hairy mustache Would you like me to visit you in your office or at home for an interview and worship your hot boots, shoes or leather? Would like to possibly work for a right booted man as his assistant accounting clerk, bookkeeper and submissive bootlicker. So all of you chiefs, executive officers, managers, firemen, policemen, daddys, and guys who need attention to your boots contact me and start to rest those boots on my crotch and my face. Send honest letter to Box 660

BONDAGE SLAVE

into long-term bondage, confinement, sensory deprivation captivity & punishment into the severest, lightest, most inescapable and prolonged leather bondage scene. I'm 45 5'11" 175 lbs. Box 6616

HANDSOME MASCULINE MASTER

into total domination seeks handsome masculine slave into pain, bondage service and loyalty for possible relationship. For interview call 212 505 0867

MISBEHAVED SON

Bad guy boyish looks, 30 5'7", 140 seeks strict dad 40-60 who will pull the belt from the loops of his pants and strap whip my bottom red Dads write with photo Box 1650 Rutherford NJ 07070

I NEED HUMILIATION

Handsome 28, 190 5'10" needs tops 25-50 for humiliation. Looks not as important as masculinity. Force me to drink my own piss. All sale scenes considered. Will answer all No relationships, only fast hot scenes Box 606 112-13 Atlantic Ave., R.N. N.Y. 11419

HOT AND VERSATILE TOP

Slaves, all ages, younger preferred. Master 40 yo. 5'11", 150 lbs., mustache. Photo and phone please. Into most hot scenes. Looking for regular sale partners and possible group scenes. PO Box 21, Forest Hills, New York 11375

HELP WORK MY BOY

Big Bk hard beer-bellied Dad 36 professional seeks husky beer-bellied uncle to share in use of greedy whiteboy son, 32, with swimmer's body. Boy will idolize our guts and satisfy our cocks with hot shaved butthole and skilful dick-sucking. Safe sex only. Y.A. role-playing a must Box 6590

NORTH CAROLINA

PRIVATE VIDEO MAKERS

GWM, 34, 5'11", 160 lbs., wants to be violently beaten and brutally gang raped on camera. No limits. Am discreet well-insured and will sign any necessary releases. I would like a copy of the edited tape for myself, what you do with the video after that is you. business. Box 6343LF

HOT SILVER DADDY, TOP MASTER

A few trainees will be allowed to apply for training or treatment. No holds barred. All holes barred. You set general limits. Trial preference, all considered. I require complete description of scene and self photo, phone. Safe, Serious only. PO Box 24013 111 Winston-Salem, NC 27114

COASTAL CAROLINAS

Crystal Coast to Grand St and White male 30 interested in contacting (meeting?) others along the North and South Carolina Coasts. Top, Bottom, Experienced or novice, into Leather, Bondage, Bikes or general rough stuff. If you're reading this I want to hear from you. Inland responses welcomed. Box 5978LF

DADDY WANTS SON

Good-looking GWM, 43 200 lbs 6'3" beard seeks obedient submissive son needing love and discipline administered by an affectionate heavy-handed, masculine daddy. Daddy is hairy top looking for Gr/P Son into B&D, CB, TT, and shaving. Letter with photo to PO Box 970 Westerville, OH 43081 (LF#063)

LEATHER MOTORCYCLE MAN

Secure, 45, successful, not into drugs, booze or smoke. prefer monogamous relationship within a 100 mile radius of Cincinnati—into hot men—tattoos and exhibitionist a plus, but not necessary—age unimportant. Your photo and phone gets mine. PO Box 41326, Cincinnati OH 45241

HOT VERSATILE LEATHER GUY

Seeking men who want to play. Photo—all answered Akron area Box 6611

DADDY MASTERS NEEDED

GWM 35, 185 lbs 5'11" beard, brown hair green eyes, 7" gut A/Fr P/Gr. submissive. Seeking hot hung, muscled hairy tops 25-45 for SM B&D WS, TT, C/BT, FF shaving, enemas. Expand my limits, while I worship your body. Sir and fulfill your leather fantasies. Dayton, Cincinnati OH Box 5514LF

OREGON

PORTLAND

40-year-old working man wants to meet other masculine men who like beating off with other guys. I'm hairy and bearded, 5'6" 130 lbs. Box 4455LF

LET'S DISCOVER LEATHER SEX TOGETHER

If you're new at it, so am I. Let's initiate each other into being belted, fucked, sucked and pissed on. Top/bottom, I can be both gentle and strong. Handsome, 6'4" 210 28, into working out and staying in shape and want someone else who is too. Send photo/letter to PO Box 40540 Portland OR 97240-0740 (LF5747)

**THE BEST IN FICTION,
ART, PHOTOS**

Relationship oriented 27 tall, thin blond
bottom inexperienced all leathersex eager
earner interested in toys, shaving, tiwork
bondage but let's get to know each other
before we play safely. Uncut a plus. Not into
pain. Send photo letter Box 8597

reexported but lacking a commitment and
need to serve a [redacted] [redacted]
Name [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]

discipline and control. Progressive film increases training. Must relocate in Salon Oregon, without delay. Describe interests. photo, phone for reply. Box 5964LF

Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by military Drill instructor. Dr is looking for A few Good Men who need to be squared away for the first time or who wish to relive their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MC RD PHL Box 24 Pottsville, PA 19047 6848. All responses acknowledge but those with photo phone shown ad first. (F4257)

Well-Built Quality lupman also not heavy but
harm and spin work box. 36 9 10 44 ch. 35
We seek no submission.

men for pray times in S&M BAD CBT etc. No
 raunch- am into responsible hot sex based
 on trust and man-to-man respect. Philip &
 phone to Box 6100TF

Over 250, any age. Let me hear your ass. Send photo. Box 6311

Master Top needed by WM submissive Need
training in SM Please, Sir use my hot
masculine muscular body for your pleasure
interest! bondage til each play obeying plea
sing demanding Master Sir I need teacher to
be naked expand my limits train me Hard
working good looking Box 6342,F

Hot Guy Master-daddy Inn-Executive and
lives seeks total sex slave in East Tennessee
area Slave must be under 25 well built and
prepared to be on call at any time for heavy
demanding women Serious only Submit
detailed letter with photo and telephone num-
ber Box 6699

For weekend occasional use and abuse. Possible permanent housewrecks. Safe, safe, clean.

170 br/b professional
ture phone to Sr. POB 21561
TN 37421 Box 6549;E

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BEARDED DALLAS CIGAR SMOKER

[illegible]

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

Hot muscular jock WM 5'8" 160 34 yrs.
enjoys heavy restraint, bondage wrestling
forced safe sex or no sex, but lots of tying and
gagging. Mostly bottom but can be versatile.
Novice in TT and CBT but eager to expand
limits. Discreet and safe, expect kame. Box
517-5

[illegible]

Dallas-based Top of German descent, 32
5'10" 145 lb or gr with oversize dick and dirty
asshole travels frequently. I am looking for
other young, good-looking men (like myself)
who are nro raunch or scal. In-shape brown
nobara contact Box 6223, F

WM 35.5 B seeks Master to serve interests
of the community in workshop. C B torture,
and the... Add TR in...
... WM 35.5 B...
... WM 35.5 B...

to help me expand my limits. Will travel/possible relocation. Sk. please reply to Box 5265LF.

of young men getting shot to the ship into
to Edward Suite C-32 3724 Boca Chico
Bldg Brownsville TX

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HOW-TO S&M

LUBBOCK

Ex-military WM, 35, 5'9", 150, good build hung, into CBT, TT, leather, levis, wants to meet other MEN for intense but safe scenes. If you're looking for a loyal buddy who's into giving as well as receiving then I'm your man. Letter, photo, and phone to Box 6264LF

NEED SMALL HANDS/BIG DIK DOES

Attractive W/M, B/O, 30s, 5'11", 75 lbs. HIV-neg., Moustache cut, wants to meet W/M 20s-30s (no beards/cigars, for safe and hot ass-stretching sessions). Expand my colon or yours in Dallas, but travel Texas/Ohio/Alabama/Louisiana. Send photo/letter. Box 6547LF

AUSTIN SUBMISSIVE

GWM, 34, 5'2", 190, bearded, into leather CBT, bondage, WS, VA, bodypunching. Open minded—crave the abuse described in S&M Wrestling." Drummer #115. You dominant 20s to 40s. facial hair kinky, honest safe. Can you tie me up, work me over, make me beg for more? Sir, please write! Box 6515

VIRGINIA

BOTTOM TRAINING SOUGHT

Br/W male, 34, seeks training by experienced top into B/D, light SM watersports, toys and mind control. Me Br hair hazel eyes, football player's build. You: 24-35, experienced, good build clean-shaven, into safe sex. Thanks Box 6414LF

LET'S USE MY BB SLAVE

Master attractive, successful, 38, 6'1", 180 lbs. 8" slave attractive 32, 5'5", 140 lbs. 7" bubble butt. Seeks master(s) or master with slave(s) for joint use/exchange of slaves, into mind control, SM, B/D, toys, shaving, leather levi, etc. You under 40 hung and in good shape. Photo phone Mike Box 6206LF

LEATHER FANTASIES BECOME REALITY IN DEAR SIR

EXPANSION WANTED

giving receiving the joys of gay sex. Sir, please send detailed lesson plans to Training, PO Box 13428, Richmond, VA 23225 (LF6555)

FISTFUCKING BUDDIES

with huge hands wanted by hot, bearded leatherman Box 6535

LET 'EM HANG

You're a red-back hairy bearded uncut cigar stud, long overhang over low hangers. You don't care if yours never gets hard, long as there's good skin chewin' in-pullin', prissittin' ball-grabbin' manneq goin on with a 5 10 1/4", 175 lbs. thick uncut Daddy please man Box 6618LF

INTERNATIONAL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 44¢ per 1/2-ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

REDHEAD

Handsome slim English red-head 30 with firm hairy buns seeks attractive face to sit on and piss over. No fucking. Photo gets reply 6596

GERMAN LEATHER TOP

Leather and S.M. turn me on! German, 42, 6'4", 185 lbs., uncut, wants to get in touch with interested leatherman top/bottom into CBT, TT, B-D, shaving, breathcontrol and other forms of the leather scene. Will be in USA Oct. 88. Letter with photo to Box 5755LF

BERLIN GERMANY

Leather turns me on! German leatherman blond 43/6'2" 180 uncut wants to meet hot leathermen for action in tea her into CBT, WS and kka to learn new things! Will be in USA Dec. 88. Letter with photo to Hans-Georg Biane, Stresemannstr. 74 1000 Berlin 61 West Germany

MASOCHIST SEEKS DESTINY

Experienced English masochist (37) great body attractive, sincere, fit, healthy, mobile seeks imaginative, strong minded sadist master/sadist for absolute mental and physical submission. Worships all S/M actively but now seeking real pain, utter depravity and exquisite pleasure through total slavery. And perhaps crucifixion. Available anytime anywhere—quite genuine 6298LF

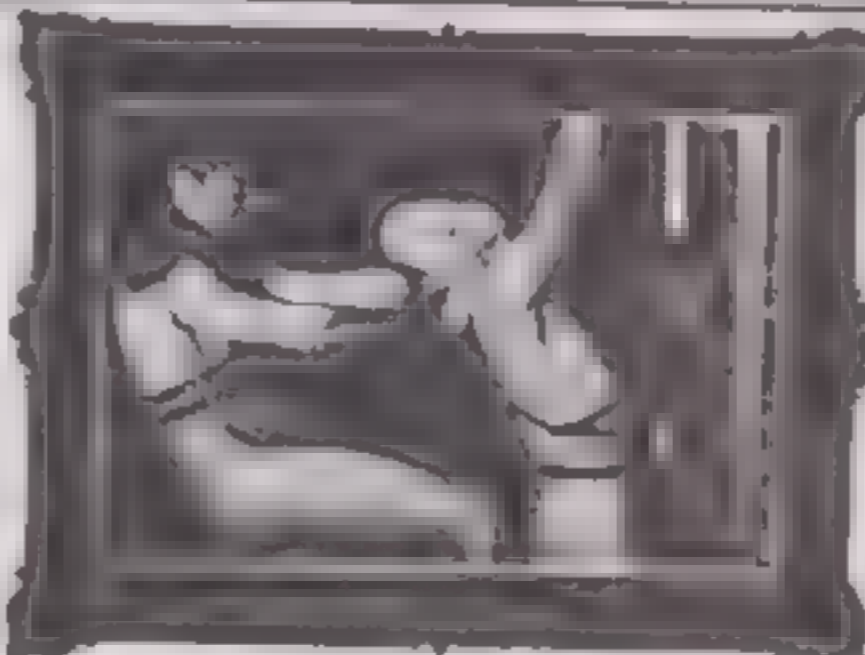
32" CROTCH-HIGH ENGINEER BOOTS

This leather stud is booted to his balls and looking for a special slave to kneel and worship before him. Write today with picture and phone # and pray that I can! Box 6467LF

SWISS TOP LEATHERMAN

muscular dark haired, beard, 34, 5'11", 160 in good shape and perfect health (HTLV neg. reg. tested) wants to meet you—either at his place or on his frequent visits to USA and Canada—if you are 28-50, a willing kinky bottom, masculine, muscular preferably hairy and with facial hair and a well-trained, receptive rear for extensive assplay FF thwack lots of raunchy action inc. WS local and mainly long mutual running sessions. Perfect health essential. Also Europeans corresponding to above requirements welcome. Write w photo Boris Rahm Hardsir 68, CH 4052 Basel, Switzerland (LF 5048)

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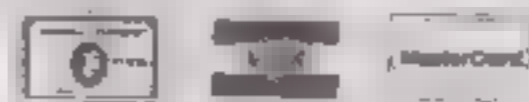
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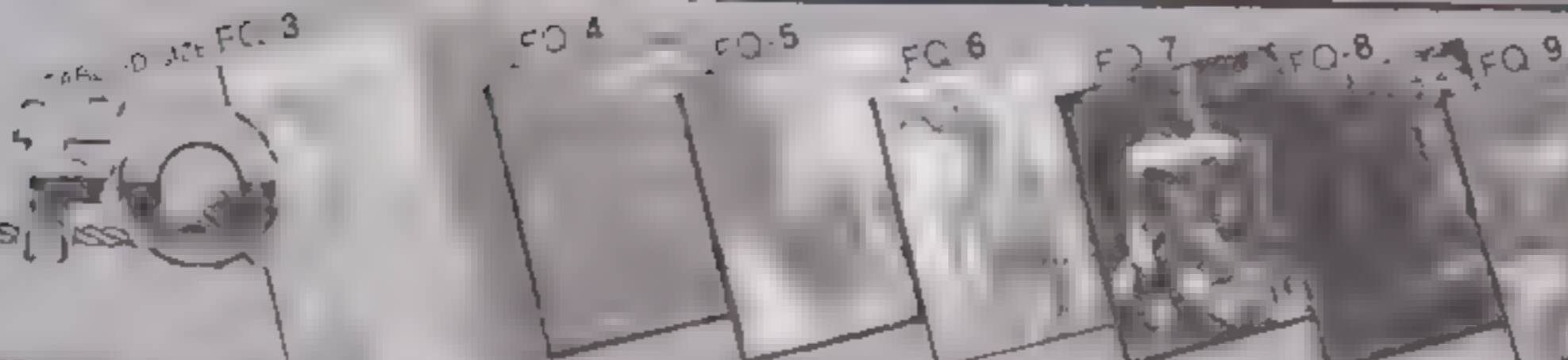


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To me B&D-S&M exper... out of really knowing and... other as people first, and... into 'trust' scenes I'm 39, 5'10", 190 lbs... considered goodlooking. Vancouver resident... Prefer non-smokers... van Seattle... people who re... number Box B...

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TIES THAT BIND

Guy Baldwin, M.C.

PART II: MASTER/slave RELATIONSHIPS—WARNINGS

Hail, fellow, well met
All dirty and wet
Find out, if you can
Who's master, who's man
—Swift, *My Lady's Lamentation*

Last month I made some more or less introductory remarks about the Master/slave scene, and now I want to try to expand that discussion in the hope of helping folks avoid the quicksand pits that can plague these relationships.

Kinky people are just like other people in that everyone tries to avoid unwanted pain. Relationships that don't work cause pain (not the desirable kind, either), and are, therefore, to be avoided when possible. What follows are some ideas about things that I have learned both in and out of the therapy room that might make these relationships more satisfying for you.

First of all, I want to point out that people often tend to bring whatever mess they may have made in their lives to the relationship in hopes that the relationship or the partner will fix whatever is wrong. This is generally a recipe for disaster, because almost nobody is honest about this agenda in the first place—the 'he will fix it' agenda is kept secret. It is kept a secret because somewhere down deep, we know that it's weird to start relationships with the expectation that all we need is the right lover to make things feel good in our lives. It is a romantic idea that is often supported in movies and books and fairy tales. So we don't tell him that he is our (secret) dream man because we KNOW that he would laugh at us and tell us to get lost if he found out.

The other reason it is kept secret is that we sense the danger of revealing just how much we are depending on him—counting on him to make things better in our lives. We are usually willing for him to find this out gradually as he gets committed to the relationship, but not too much truth at first. Please! Conventional mythology has it that all this is a bottom strategy, but, believe me, Tops do it too, but are often less honest about it.

In either case, slaves and Masters both tend to have fewer troubles in relationships when they have each prepared for

the experience first by doing any needed housecleaning in their own lives. If you are planning to sell your car, you know that you will do better if you cleaned it up first, and did at least the minor repairs—same with your life when you are looking for a relationship. Do what you can to maximize your assets and minimize your personal liabilities before you go a 'courting'.

A common Master complaint is that slaves handle their own money poorly, and may arrive in the relationship with credit card problems or other credit entanglements. It can be useful for Masters to discover how a bottom had planned to deal with the situation before he became a slave. In treatment it often comes out that slave's fantasy was that someday, a Master would appear riding a big black Harley and make all those nasty debts go away.

A new slave I know had the shock of getting a call from his new Master who had been arrested and was in jail. It seems that there had been a slew of unpaid traffic tickets which the Top had refused to deal with since he thought them all unjust. The slave knew nothing of this, but began to wonder just how much responsibility he could expect from his new Master—they entered treatment together where all hidden stuff began to emerge.

You will feel much better about yourself going into a relationship if you accept responsibility for how your life is and take steps to clear the mess out first. There are fewer land mines to stumble across that way.

If you are already in a relationship, do what you can to remain or become an interesting person to be with. Take your own interests seriously, and develop them. Relationships are less likely to get stale when each person is constantly turning on to themselves and growing—there is then always something new to bring into the relationship to share with your partner. Every time he sees you into something interesting, he will be reminded how smart he is to have chosen you to share this time in life with.

One Master I know required his slave to get conversant with impressionist art

because a trip through the great museums of Europe had been planned. The slave became well versed on most of the art they were to see, and a new interest was born for both of them.

Masters and slaves both are more interesting to each other when they have TIME to enjoy their relationship. Those guys who dream of having (or being) slaves, but travel 9 days a week or work 10 hours a day and then do volunteer work before going to some rehearsal aren't yet taking their dreams seriously enough to make space in their lives for this or any other kind of relationship for that matter.

Masters, once you do make time in your life for a slave, think about it a whole lot before you go shopping, 'cause slaves come in all different kinds of slavery. Few slaves are able or willing to change styles very much—after all, everyone's cock pretty much has a mind of it's own. You can reshape the sexuality of slaves, but it is damn hard work, it takes patience, and it may not work anyway.

It is much better to shop for a Buick if that is what you want rather than get a tractor and then try to rebuild it. This means that it will save much time and anguish if you are willing to INTERVIEW prospective partners to see if his version of being a slave matches up with your own.

Getting a new boat without thinking first how it might fit into your life is stupid and expensive—the same goes with slaves. A horizontal Master may change his mind about wanting a slave when he cums and gets up out of bed, and then looks at his life while standing up.

One problem that comes up often is that some slaves looking to connect to a Master like to pretend that they, themselves, have few needs or wants beyond that of serving their Master. That might be true for an evening, or a weekend, or even an occasional week.

But since slaves come out of a non-slave society, they also have non-slave needs that run deep, like music, education, travel, and other things they have gotten used to their whole life. They often need some social contact, and (heaven forbid) they will need some freedom now

TIES THAT BIND

and then too. Never mind what kind—they will let you know soon enough—besides, it varies from slave to slave. Try to find out first.

Any candidate slave who asserts that he has no needs of his own should be asked the same questions after he has cum. Unfortunately, many slaves kid themselves into believing that they have no other needs than to serve—Masters, proceed with caution!

Slaves' rigid adherence to the idea that they wish only to serve can produce questions like, "Just which three eggs did you want me to scramble, Sir?" or "Just how did you want me to clean the toilet (feed the dog, wash the car, drive to the grocery store, pay the bills, design the new addition, organize our trip to Italy)?" A slave can make being a Master hell when he wants to.

Now there are some Masters who appreciate this degree of consultation, but work in the therapy room has revealed that they are few and far between. Most aspiring slaves will usually have to realize that Master only wants submission when it pleases Master, and that at other times, slaves are expected to be on auto pilot.

Masters do not help the situation when they are unclear about just which decisions are, and are not, to be brought to Him for consultation. Masters who change their minds FREQUENTLY about these things don't make slavery a joy either.

Just as in Rome, sometimes the most valued slaves tend to be the ones that can take over responsibilities FROM their Masters. Many modern Masters, like ancient ones, like their leisure, and appreciate not having to go to the dry cleaners to pick up suits or write out the checks at the end of the month.

Those more rare Masters who want more complete responsibility are usually delighted to find that bottom has made a mess of his life, because Master can then mount his White (black?) Charger and save the day for the helpless bottom, make him a slave and they can live happily ever after.

Those who desire slavery with no decisions (a common fantasy) are really asking that a Master become like a parent to a very young child, say about 3 or 4 years old. I have nothing against infantilism, but "slaves" will do better if they make this particular fantasy known up front. Otherwise, the slave will get resentful the first time Master requires slave to act independently.

Some Masters love this degree of responsibility for each and every move a slave makes, but these are the more rare kind. If your version of how to be a slave includes no decision making, you will have to search for a Master very carefully so as not to mislead candidate Masters.

These scenarios often work great for a while—usually until Master gets bored or

gets ill or is seriously injured or somehow dies. Any of these events will generate a crisis because the dependent slave suddenly realizes that his Master is only a man, and that all men must sometimes be dependent on others. This sort of (dependent) slave can fall completely apart in times of crisis.

Highly dependent slaves report feeling very threatened when there is a possibility that they may have to suddenly become responsible again—especially if they must become responsible in some way for their Master. The reversal in roles can spook them into running away and has.

Masters into this scene with highly dependent slaves will need to understand that they must make provisions for the slave in case of incapacity or death. They must also make outside provisions for themselves in the event that the slave cannot tolerate the transition back to responsibility. This might mean establishing a network of friends who can take up the slack in times of illness or other disability.

Highly dependent slaves are usually higher maintenance than independent slaves. Masters must therefore get honest with themselves before they make their selection.

It is as irresponsible to put a guy on a highly dependent slave trip out on the street as it is to buy a very young puppy one day and then put it out on the street after you decide you don't like changing the training papers any more. Therapists and friends will have to help the rejected slave pick up the pieces of his life again, and it will be a long time before he trusts a Top again.

Bottoms who desire a position as a slave need to realize that Masters too, come in all sizes and shapes both inside and out. Some Masters are dominant during sexual play, but not at other times. Others are dominant at other times, but not during sexual play. Some Masters will assert their privilege to play with other slaves while expecting exclusivity from their number one slave. Some will want to add other slaves.

Slaves also need to understand that not all Masters are into the physical S&M scene, and that the sex may be conventional. In the Master/slave scene, most of the stimulation and excitement usually comes from the control part of the relationship. (In physical S&M, most of the excitement usually comes through the physical stimulations first, and the dominance and visuals second.)

All this means that Masters need to interview slaves, and that (yes, that's right) slaves need to interview Masters. Many Masters get stuffy and outraged at the suggestion that they should submit themselves to being interviewed by a "lowly" slave.

Their upsetness usually lasts about as

long as it takes for them to count the number of slaves they have gone through, or the number of weeks they have spent licking their wounds after a relationship crashed and burned (yes, Masters get wounded too). Slaves, too, have a hard time facing their responsibility to get enough information from prospective Masters to know whether to pursue the Man or cut loose.

This brings us to an interesting paradox (the world of SM is filled with 'em). The dominant Master will need to carefully set his dominance as to allow the candidate slave to gather the information he will need to decide to surrender to this particular Master. Likewise, the submissive slave will have to set his own submission aside and take a somewhat more dominant and responsible position in order to gather the information needed to determine if a "fit" might be possible.

I don't mean for this process to sound so formal—it isn't. This stuff happens during the relaxed moments of the courtship time—over breakfast, while driving to a film, maybe over coffee. But unless the men make time to see if their ideas about Master/slave issues mesh, they are leaving it all up to chance. That is unwise.

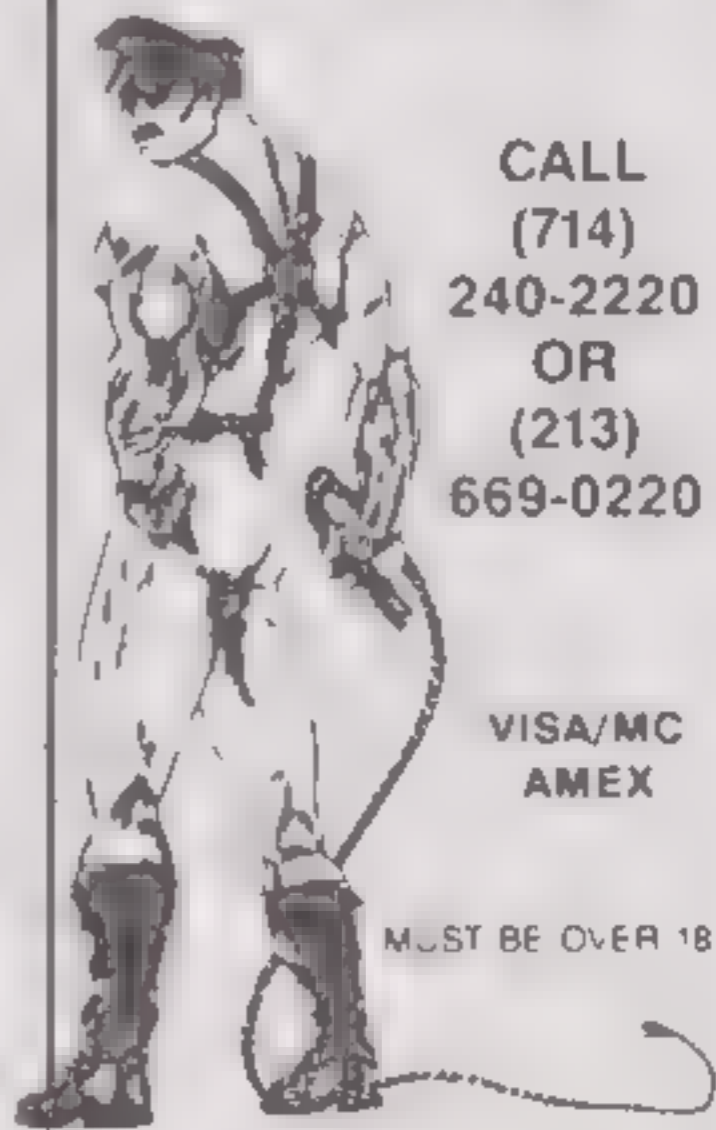
Guy Baldwin, M.S., has a private practice in psychotherapy in Los Angeles, where he works primarily with those on the sexual frontiers.

PETER'S PHONE ACTION

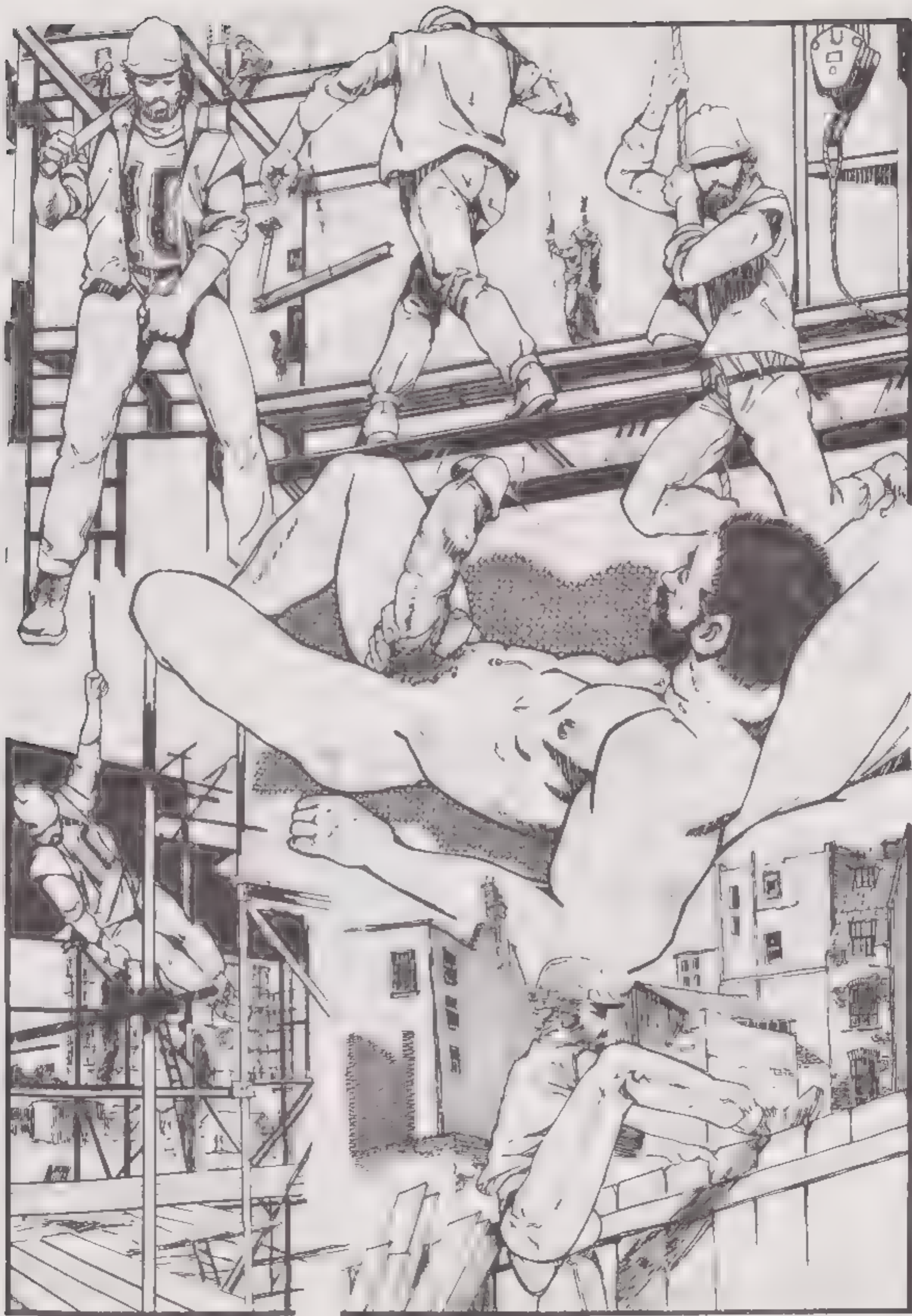
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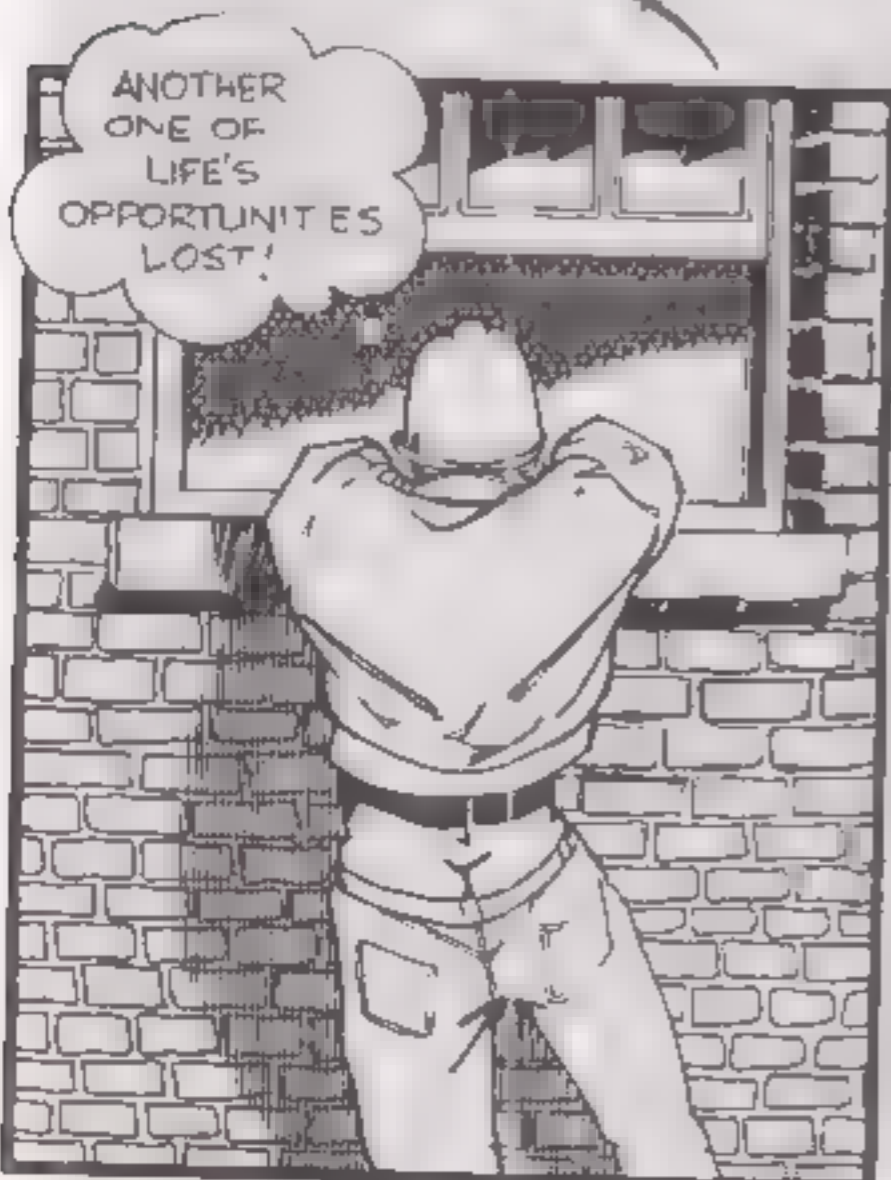
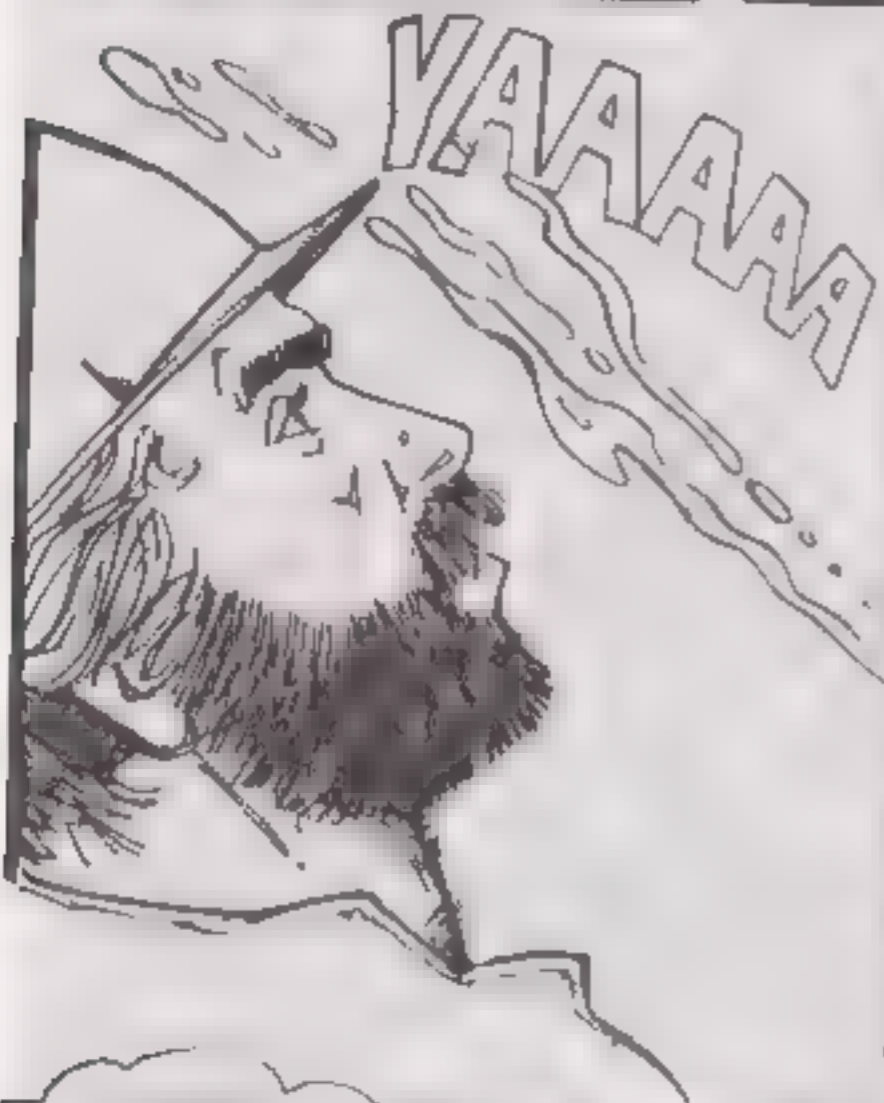
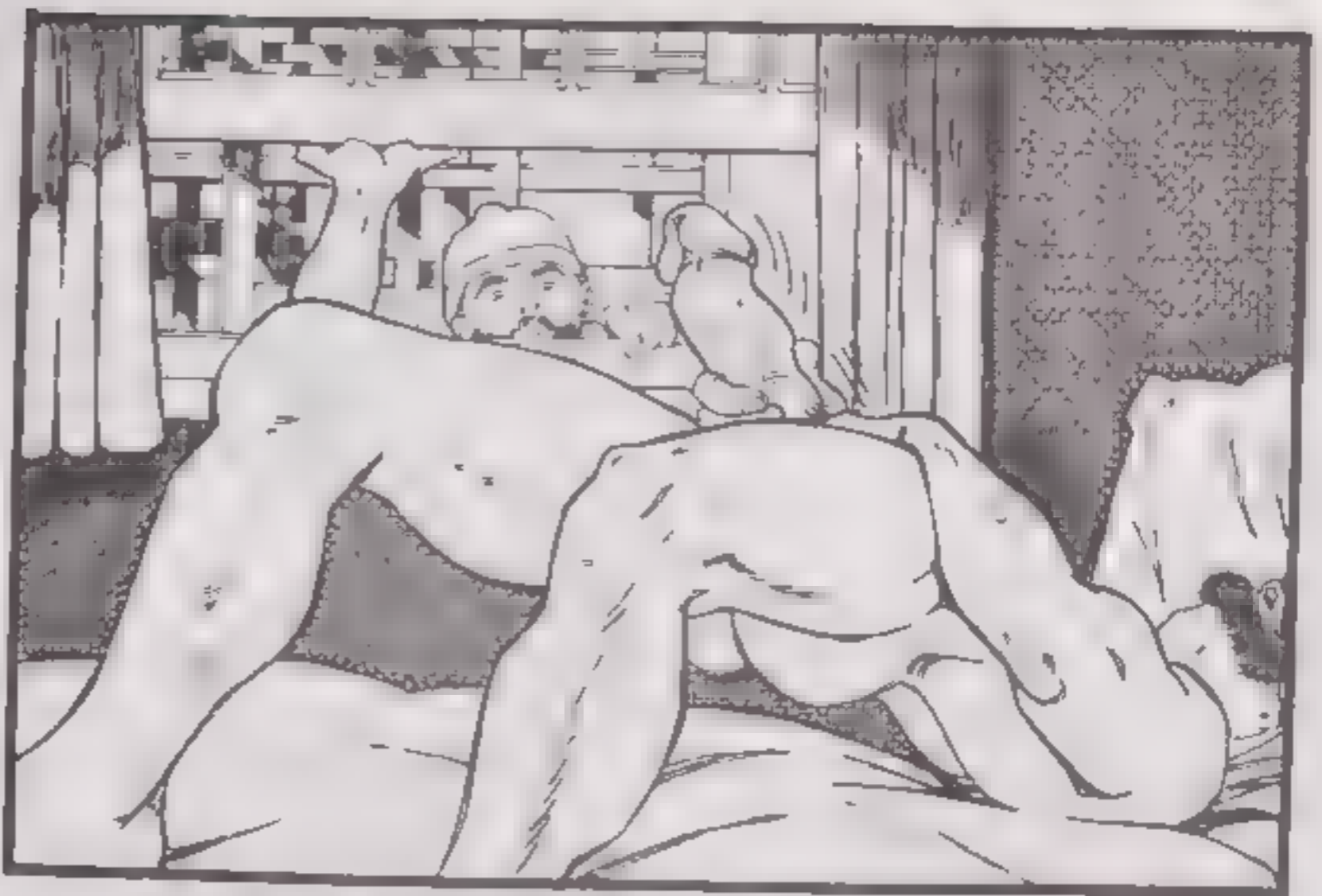
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LEATHER NOTEBOOK

Dear Larry,

I have been reading the concluding articles on the Stockholm AIDS conference and I see they're at it again! Dr. King K Holmes of Seattle is reported to have implied that uncircumcised men may be at greater risk in contracting the virus than men who are cut. I have heard this B S before, and it makes no more sense to me now than it did a couple of years ago when that San Francisco quack alleged the same thing. Why the fuck should I be at greater risk with a foreskin than some guy who doesn't have one?

Guy, Los Angeles CA

Dear Guy,

I'm assuming you read the same LA Times article that I did, and if you had read it to the end you would have gotten your explanation—at least the line of reasoning followed by Dr. Holmes. His contention is that men with foreskins can develop small lesions (cracks in the skin) underneath the foreskin. These may be so small they go unnoticed, but any tear in the skin is sufficient to admit the virus. Apparently, the studies that sustain these conclusions involved native Africans. I can appreciate the logical basis of the good doctor's concern, although I might have some reservations in translating an African study, where hygienic conditions may be considerably different from ours, into recommendations for behavior in American/Western European society. Still, there is a possibility that the risk exists, and it certainly behooves an uncut man to be aware of it. In order to enjoy both the aesthetic and sensual advantages of possessing a foreskin, you should take responsible precautions to assure your own health and well being. I don't think these medical observations are sufficient to justify a mass stampede into the local circumcision parlor, nor is this implicit in the recommendations coming out of Stockholm.

Dear Larry,

I'm a gay man, holding enlisted rank in one of the US armed services. I have been trying to follow the Perry Watkins case, because his circumstances are somewhat similar to mine—except that he apparently admitted to being gay when he originally enlisted, whereas I did not. However, the local newspapers in my area are not giving very complete coverage. I know his case went to the Supreme Court, but I

don't know what happened. I live on a military reservation, so I'm afraid to have much gay material sent to me. A friend does get *Drummer*, however, and if you answer this I'll see it. My main question is simply: If he succeeds in his appeal, will that mean I'm safe from being bounced out of the service? I've got twelve years in, and I'd like to make it 20.

Name & Location Withheld

Dear Soldier/Sailor/Marine or Airman,

I can tell you what happened on the Watkins appeal, but I can't advise you regarding your own status. Not only am I not a lawyer, but the fact that Watkins admitted his sexual orientation and you did not would probably make your case just different enough from his that, whatever eventually happens to him, you can't count on its being the same for you. You'll have to consult a specialist in military law for a definitive answer. As to Watkins: For the benefit of our readers, let me explain that this is a man who has been in the US Army since 1967. When he was originally drafted, he admitted to being homosexual, and has apparently never attempted to conceal this during his years in the service. In 1981, the Army promulgated a new set of regulations, which stated that being homosexual—regardless of whether the person was having sexual relations—was sufficient grounds for involuntary discharge. Watkins, despite an apparently brilliant unblemished career record, got caught up in this. When his term of duty expired, they refused to allow him to reenlist. He sued and lost his case. On appeal (which went to the Ninth Circuit Court, not to the Supreme Court), he won a reversal because the court held that the Army regulations violated equal protection. I doubt that this is the end of it, however, because the Army is sure to file an appeal and this time it will go the Supreme Court (if they agree to hear it). No one knows what the Reaganist court is apt to do, but in the meantime I'd suggest you play it cool. Lots of gay men (and women) make it through to retirement/pension time, despite the government's hypocrisy and bullshit.

Dear Larry,

I have a couple of friends coming to visit me this summer from Europe. As as I know, neither of them has any health problems. But I read someplace that the immigration assholes are requiring AIDS tests for people coming into the US. Will

they have to go through any of this crap?
B.J., Washington DC

Dear B.J.,

No. The INS wants to test people who seek to immigrate, but they are not bothering tourists.

Dear Larry,

I'm just looking for your opinion. I'm a sports car enthusiast, but I've got no interest at all in motorcycles. I've recently been subjected to several derisive comments from bikers when I pulled up to the local leatherbar in my hot little buggy. What makes these clowns think they're more butch than I am, just because they ride bikes? I wear leather because I've earned the right to wear it. Some of these big biker types don't know what it means. How do you feel about it?

Phil, Houston TX

Dear Phil,

Tell 'em to fuck off! I can appreciate the thrill of having something interesting between your legs, but like clothes the machine does not make the man.

Dear Larry,

I am going to Australia on vacation later this year. Are there any special precautions you can think of that I should take, either from the standpoint of health or otherwise?
R P, San Francisco CA

Dear R P,

Although I have never been "down under," I have several Aussie friends who assure me that their country is at least as civilized as ours. They may be a few years behind us when it comes to such social innovations as crime rate, drug addiction, and juvenile gangs, but otherwise they are quite like us. AIDS has reared its ugly head there, of course, but since Aussie physical attributes are quite similar to ours, your behavior should be about the same as you are currently doing. Actually, they are less puritanical in their porno laws than we are (for the moment), but that is probably not of great concern to you.

If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him c/o Leather Notebook, *Drummer*, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.

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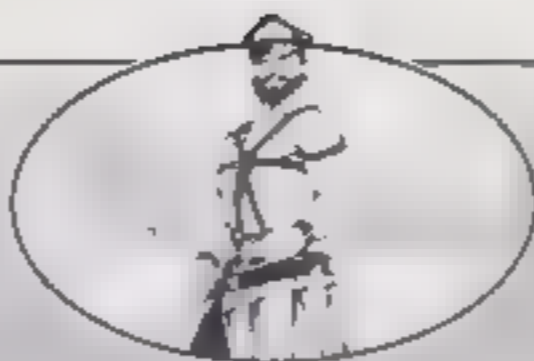








DRUMMER 119
B9



Mr. Drummer Contest Update



TOP ROW LEFT TO RIGHT

Mitch Davis, Thom Bland (Mr Southeast Drummer '87), Steve Reiswig, Michael Shareck, Coulter Thomas, Michael Pereyra

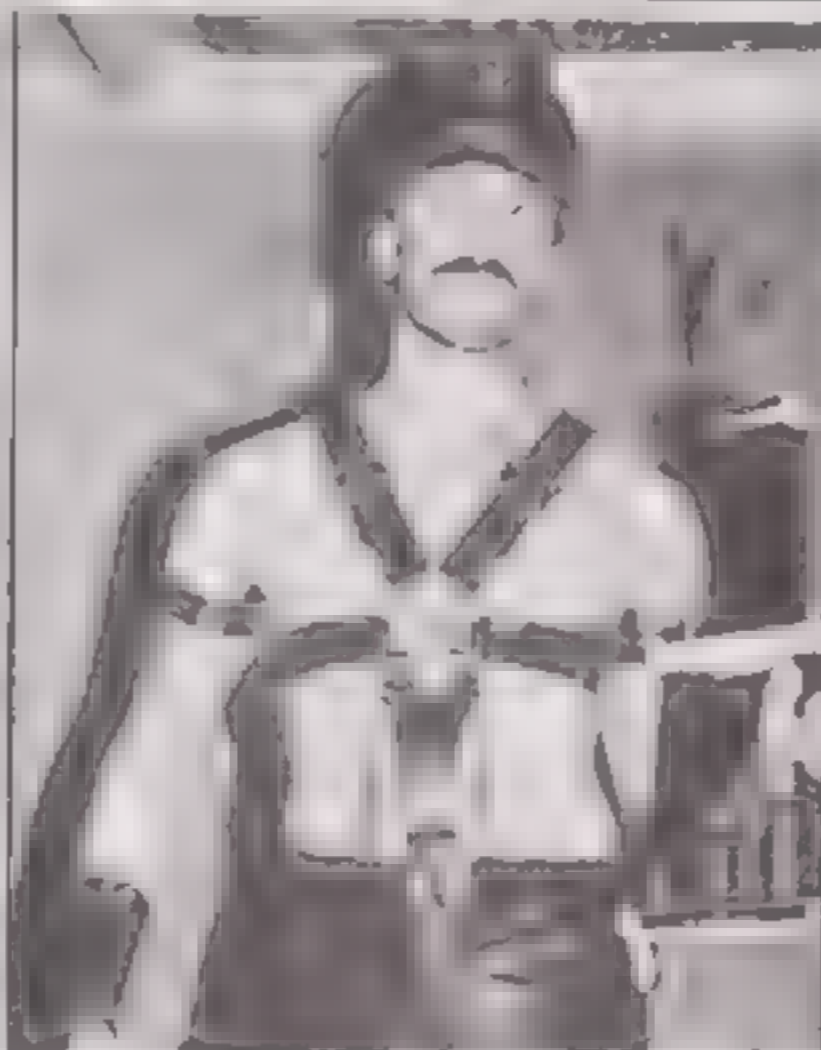
BOTTOM ROW LEFT TO RIGHT

Ray Woods (Mr Northwest Drummer '84), The Hun, Robert Sheets

Photo by M. PRATT



Mr. Dixie Drummer
Chris Minor Photo courtesy of
The EAGLE Atlanta



Mr. Southwest Drummer
Wes Decker Photo by TED LENZE



Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer
Ric Turner Photo by MI PRATT



Mr. Northeast Drummer
John Scancarella Photo by
JOHN P. KENNY



Mr. Southern California Drummer
Mark Klein Photo by
MICHAEL VUKELICH

Schedule of Upcoming Regional Events:

Mr. Midwest Drummer
Aug. 14
The Dock, Cincinnati, OH
Mr. Great Lakes Drummer
Aug. 19
Detroit Eagle, Detroit, MI
Mr. Great Plains Drummer
Aug. 26-27
Windjammer, Kansas City, MO
Mr. Europe Drummer
Aug. 27
Eagle Bar, Amsterdam
Mr. Northwest Drummer
Sept. 4
Celebrities, Vancouver BC
Mr. East Canada Drummer
MC Falcon, Montreal PQ

If 1988 is the Year of the Dragon, then it also has to be the Year of the Mr. Drummer Regional Contests, which are currently breathing fire and generating excitement all over the country. In the middle of all the turbulent pandemonium that goes with celebrating any Mr. Drummer Contest, last month we published in error a photo labeled Mark Klein, Mr. Southern California Drummer, when in fact the photo was of someone else. Our apologies to Mark, who as this recent photo suggests is one of the most unique and enthusiastic regional winners anywhere.

Adding to the building climax of summer events were state-breaking contests: Mr. Dixie Drummer in Atlanta and Mr. Southwest Drummer in Houston. Chris Minor (a major beauty) is the first Mr. Dixie Drummer chosen at the Eagle Bar. Chris stands in at a solid six feet, weighs 170 lbs., and appropriately enough plans a career in law enforcement. He is active in fundraising for the Names Project and enjoys working on cars. Chutes and Falcon Leather of Houston have selected Wes Decker to be the new Mr. Southwest Drummer. Wes is a contest veteran, having been Mr. Oklahoma Drummer 1987. Wes has worked as a Social

Worker is 6'2", 180 lbs., and wears a size eleven boot!

A judging panel consisting of the infamous erotic artist, The Hun; Mike Pereyra (this year's IML); Mitch Davis (Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather 1988 and Mr. New England Drummer 1987); Steve Reiswig (Mr. Drummer 1985); Michael Shareck (Mr. Carolina Drummer 1987); and Coulter Thomas (Mr. International Leather 1983) selected Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer at a three-day extravaganza sponsored by Robert Sheets and RES Productions in Charlotte, NC. Their winner is Ric Turner of Philadelphia, who was sponsored by the Vanguards MC and the Bike Stop bar.

John Scancarella, a self-employed Jersey boy who weighs 140 lbs. and stands 5'8", became Mr. Northeast Drummer at the Garage in New York City. John was sponsored by the Artry Foundation which makes us seven contests down and eight more to go! Our September issue should feature reports on contests in New England (July 24 at the Underground in Portland, ME) and Denver (Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer, to be held at Tracks on August 6).

Mr. Drummer



1988

Contest Finals and Show September 24, 1988

San Francisco's famous (and huge) Galleria will set the stage for 15 of the most serious and seriously hunked-out leathermen in leatherdom as Up Your Alley Productions presents the 1988 Mr. Drummer Finals. Literally thousands of sweating leatherclad leatherboys will get off on the outrageous sight of the final 15 contestants flaunting/exhibiting/acting out their hottest leather fantasies. Reserved seating. Torrid entertainment. And men.

Leather Pride Weekend

There's more. Wednesday, September 21, detonates an explosively full weekend of leather fantasy come to life with a party at the San Francisco Eagle. Thursday, September 22, Mr. S, the infamous Alan Selby, plays leatherhost at the Powerhouse Fetish and Fantasy party. Friday, September 23, finds Up Your Alley Productions sponsoring a Leather Pride party in the Ballroom of the San Franciscan Hotel. Saturday night belongs to *Drummer*. And Sunday, September 25, will see even more leatherpeople than ever celebrate their street and their lifestyle at the Folsom Street Fair.

Drive. Fly. Sail if you have to. Crawl on your knees. But get your ass to San Francisco to cheer on your regional winner! For information on Drummer Contest Packages (with or without lodging), contact UP YOUR ALLEY PRODUCTIONS, 584 Castro Street #504, San Francisco, CA 94114 or phone Jerry Vallarie at (415) 864-6435. Help support a variety of charities and immerse yourself in the biggest leather pig-out the West Coast has ever seen. □



SAM SCHULTZ, sponsored by TNT MC, was chosen Mid-Atlantic Drummerboy '88. Sam is obviously a real asset to his community.

Photo by M. PRATT

Drummerboys Needed

Drummer is looking for hot, masculine, well-built exhibitionists willing to take orders, who want to play fantasy games with superhot studs from around the country. Age and race unimportant. Your assistance is required by the Mr. Drummer finalists onstage for their fantasies. You must participate in the Contest rehearsals and finals in San Francisco, September 21-25. If you've always wanted your face and body in *Drummer* magazine, now is your chance. Write with photo to: Drummerboys, PO Box 11314 San Francisco, CA 94101, or call direct (415) 978-5377.

CROSSROADS



**WHERE
LEATHERMEN
MEET**

CROSSROADS

Where Leathermen Meet

By placing an ad in this section, a bar or other business tells you that they welcome Leathermen. By accepting the ad, Drummer is telling you that the bar has been recommended by a Leather SM club or a recognized individual in the community as a good place to meet and socialize with other Leathermen. In larger cities, there will be THE leather bars; in other areas, they will be the more general purpose bars where Leathermen go to socialize.



Help us alert Drummer readers and travelers to the RIGHT place to go to meet Leathermen in your part of the world. Send us your recommendations and talk to the right bar owners and managers about placing one of these low-priced ads. If you see a business listed here that you think shouldn't be, let us know about that, too.

-Fiedermus

LEVI/LEATHER



1826
N. Highland Ave., NE
Atlanta, GA 30306
(404) 872-0685

LOS ANGELES' HOTTEST LEATHER BAR GAUNTLET II



4219 Santa Monica Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90029
(213) 649-9472
MOTORCYCLE PARKING

The Best Stop in Philadelphia!

206 S. Quince Street
(215) 627-1662



The Tampa Eagle

THE TAMPA EAGLE
HAS LANDED!

2201 N. 15TH ST. • YBOR CITY
Tampa

HINTERE LE IN AITE 2100 NUNBERC

BOOTS

LEATHER, COUNTRY AND WESTERN BAR

**YOUR FAVORITE
BAR
COULD BE HERE**
SEE ABOVE FOR INFORMATION

LEVI CRUISE

SPURS

CINCINNATI

326 EAST EIGHTH STREET



DC EAGLE

TACKYS

2509 W. BROWARD BLVD.
FORT LAUDERDALE, FL

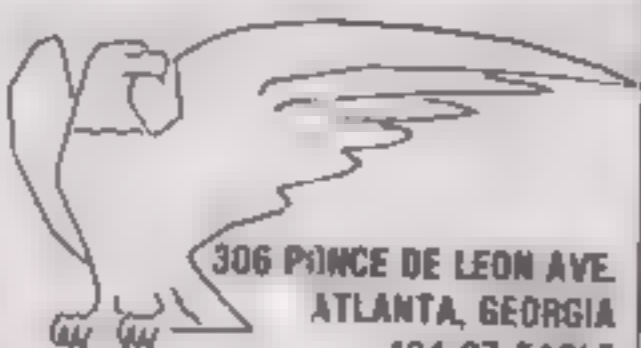
**YOUR FAVORITE
BAR
COULD BE HERE**
SEE ABOVE FOR INFORMATION

CHAIN DRIVE

austin

Touche

Chicago



306 Ponce de Leon Ave.
Atlanta, Georgia
404-87-EAGLE

WOLFS

LEATHER-UNIFORM-WESTERN

SAN DIEGO



The Seattle Eagle

DARE TO BE
DIFFERENT!

314 East Pike St.
Seattle, Washington 98112
(206) 624-2612

LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD



BARE BACKS (AND CHESTS) AT GAY RODEO!

Professional Rodeo as a competitive sport evolved from the hardworking lifestyle of the American cowhand. The hard life in the Old West produced a character and an attitude that remains a living legend—the American cowboy and cowgirl—emblems of the free spirit. Cowhands' ordinary labors of roping and riding skills and pride in these activities gave rise to a competitive spirit. Rodeo has evolved to become one of America's top spectator sports with over 14 million fans attending annually. The rodeo competitor of today is an athlete who trains long and hard for prize money annually amounting to more than \$14 million at Professional Rodeo Cowboy Association sanctioned rodeos and the PRC National Finals. An exciting sport to watch and a stressful one to compete in. Rodeo had humble beginnings evolving from a lifestyle of survival. Today it keeps the spirit of Country.

(NSCRA Rodeo '88 Program)

One of the greatest developments in the last several years has been the proliferation of special interest clubs for gay men and women. Whether it's SM, feline cocking, square dancing, acting, wrestling, or any one of a huge range of other activities, there is probably an organization to it, or other gay men and/or women who would like to help you organize one. Fortunately Rodeo is one of the subjects already well organized.

To me Rodeo has always been our greatest national sport. Baseball was boring, football was really rather stupid—an excuse for men with too much padding to grab one another, basketball was ok, after all, I was a Hoosier, boxing was even dumber than football. Wrestling was great fun, but more theatre than sport. Then there was Rodeo. As a kid, I talked my father into taking me to every one that took place within striking distance in northern Indiana, and occasionally to Chicago for a really B.G. one. Taking him into that wasn't very hard, he loved them too. For my parents' 25th Anniversary I took them to the Great Granddaddy of a Rodeo, the Cheyenne Frontier Days, and when I was in grad school in Oklahoma I caught the RCA's National Finals every year in Oklahoma City.

Rodeo and SM have a lot in common. Leather is a very important element in both, its strength, its feel, its aroma. I know that in places like Dallas there can be strong feelings of division between

the Black Leather Boys and the Brown Leather Boys but if they would just get together and talk about it I think they'd find there is a lot more that unites them than divides them. Rope is another essential component to rodeo, and SM is knowing how to handle it properly, what to do with it, what its limitations are. Pain is a so-called common element. No one enters a rodeo event expecting to be injured, but no one enters without accepting the very real risk of injury. You don't get on the back of a bucking horse, bull, or cow expecting to come off gracefully and only when you intend to, but you also expect to have dramatic scars across your back, the pounding and exertion even if you don't get the win. Rodeo is the SMate about risk and danger, about skill and luck, about dominance and resistance, about pain and exhilaration.

And let's face it, Cowboys are Sexy. The historical image some of the masculine icons. The men who rode the ranges and roped steers were MEN in all the desirable connotations of the word. They were strong and skilled and self-sufficient. And they lived in a nearly entirely male society. The range camps and bunkhouses have always been a favored locale for writers of erotic fiction.

In March I attended the Los Angeles Gay Rodeo sponsored by the Green State Gay Rodeo Association (NSCRA Los Angeles Chapter, Box 90833 Long Beach, CA 90803, 213-498-1675) and for the first time did not have to wonder how the cowboy felt about men loving men. It was a great two days of fun and excitement and spectacle—particularly since the hot weather in LA kept most of those cowboys and cowboy watchers stripped to the waist much of the time. It is already too late for you to get to The 3rd Annual Great Plains Regional Rodeo in Oklahoma City on May 27-30 (UGRA, P.O. Box 13485, Oklahoma City, OK 73154, 405-942-9305) or the 6th Annual Rocky Mountain Regional Rodeo, July 1-4 in Denver, Colorado Gay Rodeo Association, 1900 E. Colfax Ave., Denver CO 80220, 303-349-1979, but you can plan on next year. Still coming up are the NSCRA Bay Area Chapter Rodeo at Hayward, CA on August 12-14 (P.O. Box 41173, San Francisco, CA 94141, 415-621-1777), the International Gay Rodeo Association 2nd Annual Finals Rodeo in Reno, Nevada on October 20-23; the 5th Annual Texas Gay Rodeo in Dallas in November (The Texas Gay Rodeo Association, P.O. Box 64904, Dallas, TX 75206) and the Fourth Annual Arizona Gay Rodeo in Phoenix in January of 1989.

—Fiedermaus

CLUB LISTINGS USA/CANADA A-L

Club names marked with an asterisk (*) are new to this listing or have an address change or correction. Club names listed in regular type, not bold face, have had mail returned from the address listed; if you can provide a correction, please do so.

(S/M) indicates a men's club with a primary interest in S/M. W indicates a women's leather or S/M club. Mixed S/M indicates an S/M club that includes men and women, heterosexual and bi-sexual; (JO) indicates men's jerk-off or masturbation clubs; (F) indicates a special interest or fetish club, such as ones specializing in fisting, uniforms, bondage, wrestling, mud, etc.; (FN) is used for clubs that are primarily national or international, whose main activity is publishing ads or a roster—they may or may not have periodic meetings. Locals indicates clubs that primarily meet locally for active sessions, even though they may have a national or international membership. The nature of the special interest is usually evident in the name. Symbols indicate information provided by club members. * indicates those organizations that we want to list, yet which do not fit into any of the above categories.

If any club wishes to change its listing, please let us know. Send new listings or updates to Club List, PO Box 11374 San Francisco, CA 94101. Notifications of incorrect addresses or defunct organizations will be appreciated.

The US & CANADA Clublist M-Z will appear in the next issue of Drummer.

Academy Uniform Club (FU)
1044 23rd St.
San Diego, CA 92102

Act (W)
PO Box 261
Annen Station
Providence, RI 02901

Adventures in Subdual MC
PO Box 8043
St. Petersburg, FL 33718

American Leather Federation
P.O. Box 2679
Phoenix, AZ 85010-5079

American Uniform Association (FN)
PO Box 1037
Bowling Green Station
New York, NY 10176

American Uniform Association (F)
PO Box 86086
N. Vancouver, BC
V7L 4J5

Argonauts MC
PO Box 1
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Argonauts of Wisconsin
PO Box 1285
Green Bay, WI 54305

Arizona Rangers MC
PO Box 1
Phoenix, AZ 85002

A.S.M.C.
PO Box 1
Boston, MA 02105

Atlanta Skin Solidarity A.S.S.
PO Box 56074
Atlanta, GA 30343-0074

Atlantic Motorcycle Coordinating Council
160 Overlook Ave.
The Devonshire Bldg.
Hackensack, NJ 07601

Atlantic MC
PO Box 54748
Atlanta, GA 30308

Atoms of Minneapolis
PO Box 2017
Dodge Center, MN 55407

Avalar MC
7869 Santa Monica Blvd. 8316
Los Angeles, CA 90046
213/669-3302

Ball Club (FN)
PO Box 1501
Pomona, CA 91769

Barbary Coasters MC
PO Box 74251 Station C
San Francisco, CA 94114
Basic Training
120 S. Pinecrest
Bolingbrook, IL 60439

Baton Rouge (New Orleans) Wrestling Club
840 Hearthstone Dr.
Baton Rouge, LA 70806

Battalion Motorcycle Corps
PO Box 191277
Dallas, TX 75219

Beer Town Badgers
PO Box 1
Milwaukee, WI 53201

B.G. Wrestling Club (F)
PO Box 5291
Huntington Beach, CA 92653-5291

Black Fire
Box 354, Univ. Sta.
Syracuse, NY 13210

Black Guard
PO Box 8489
Minneapolis, MN 55418

Blackhawk MC
1025 12th St.
Rock Island, IL 61201

Black Star MC
The Leading Duck
4005 Exchange Blvd. Suite 10
Orlando, FL 32809

Blazers Leather/Levi Association
PO Box 3166
Venice, FL 34293

Blue Max Cycle Club
PO Box 14, Main Station
St. Catharines, ON L2R 6P6

Blue Max MC
PO Box 39522
Los Angeles, CA 90039

Boots (FN)
PO Box 48577
Bentall B3
595 Burtard St.
Vancouver, BC
V7X 1A3 Canada

Border Riders MC
PO Box 21152
Seattle, WA 98111

Bound & Determined (W)
PO Box 802
Hartley, MA 01035

Branding Iron Club
Box 304
Dallas, TX 75219

Briar Rose (W)
PO Box 44
Westerville, OH 43081

The Brotherhood
PO Box 1346
Tucson, AZ 85701

The Brotherhood
29345
Los Angeles, CA 90029

Brotherhood of Man MC
PO Box 97
Tomball, TX 77375

Brothers MC
484 May Street
Jacksonville, FL 32204

Buccannens MC
1901 Waters Edge Dr.
Carver, MS 39553

Bucks MC
PO Box 99
Burlingham, PA 18913

Burton Lip (FN)
(501 Levis Club)
PO Box 65643
Los Angeles, CA 90065

California Cyclamen MC
3143 33rd St.
San Diego, CA 92104

California Eagles MC
PO Box 14665
San Francisco, CA 94114-0665

California Motor Club
Box 981
San Francisco, CA 94101

Castaways MC
PO Box 1697
Milwaukee, WI 54105

Centaur MC
PO Box 53174
Washington, DC 20009

Centurions LL MC
c/o Tradewinds
717 Franklin Rd.
Roanoke, VA 24061

Centurions of Columbus
PO Box 09208
Columbus, OH 43269

Cheaters MC
110 Hancock St.
San Francisco, CA 94114

Chicago Cossacks
PO Box 2512
Chicago, IL 60690

Chicago Hellfire Club (S/M)
Windy City Hellfire Club 104

Chicagoland Discussion Group
(Mixed S/M)
PO Box 195
West Chicago, IL 60185

Cigar Studs (FN)
PO Box 444
San Antonio, TX 78201

Cincinnati Chaps
PO Box 3304
Cincinnati, OH 45201

Cin City Cycle Club
PO Box 115
Cincinnati, OH 45201

City Bikers MC
PO Box 9816
Denver, CO 80209

The Club (S/M)
PO Box 1292
Omaha, NE 68105-1292

Club Mud (FN)
PO Box 217
Rio Nido, CA 95471

C.M.S.
C.M.S. Club
San Diego, CA 92116

Cockroaches Club of America
PO Box 1
Sun Valley, CA 91353-0721

Colorado MC
44 E. 1st
Denver, CO 80202

Colorado Gay Roden Association (K)
PO Box 2558
Denver, CO 80201

Colt 45s
PO Box 66814
Houston, TX 77266

Committee to Preserve our Sexual & Civil Liberties (K)
PO Box 1592
San Francisco, CA 94116

Companions Club
PO Box 230
Philadelphia, PA 19101

Conductors Leather Levi
PO Box 4026
Nashville, TN 37204

Conquistadors MC Inc
PO Box 5594
Orlando, FL 32805

Constantines MC
PO Box 4964
San Francisco, CA 94116

Copperplate Leathermen's Association
PO Box 44051
Phoenix, AZ 85064

Cornhousers
416 1/2 E. 5th St.
Des Moines, IA 50319

Corps of Rangers
PO Box 1952
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Corpus Christi MC
PO Box 3532
Corpus Christi, TX 78461-3532

Country Men
PO Box 1762
Dearborn, MI 48124

C.S.C.M.C.
1320 N. Stanley
Los Angeles, CA 90016

D.A.D.S. (FN)
PO Box 573
Winfield, IL 60190

DAD's (Mixed S/M)
PO Box 76
Denver, CO 80202

Dallas MC
PO Box 19525
Dallas, TX 75219

DC Wrestling Club (F)
PO Box 1205
Washington, DC 20013



Photo: courtesy of Dreizehn

WET ONES: GMSMA Board Member, George Whaley, with Dreizehn officers during W.E.T.1 — Weekend Training 1.

W.E.T.1

In April, members of Dreizehn, Boston's Gay S/M Fraternity, gathered at The Captain's House in Provincetown, Mass. for W.E.T.1. Weekend Training 1 activities included Rope Body Harness and bondage workshop by Dreizehn officer Jim M. and a presentation and "Practicum" on Whipping and Flogging by G.M.S.M.A. Board member, George Whaley. Members of Dreizehn constructed a whipping table for the occasion and all participants benefited from Mr. Whaley's Hands-on (and assessing ed!) method of Teaching-without-preaching.

During June, Dreizehn again assumed responsibility for safety and traffic control during Boston's 3rd annual "From All Walks of Life," a pledge walk which raised over \$13 million for the local AIDS Action Committee and related agencies.

Dreizehn holds public meetings at 9 PM on the second Wednesday of each month at The Paradise, in Cambridge, MA. The September 14 presentation will be given by Bob Buckley, of New South Wales, Australia.

—Ty Clements, Co-Chairman

BATTALION MOTORCYCLE CORPS

We wish to establish communication with the World's only True "Man" publication! And to correct our listing in the Clublist in *Drummer*.

The Battalion Motorcycle Corps is a 13-year-old Corps of men with 100% Motorcycle Ownership and Riding as a common, primary objective.

Uniquely, our events consist of men only, buddy riders welcome, 100% motorcycles with riding as the major part of the event and with one or two nights of camping. We currently held our 9th Annual "Ball Buster" on the weekend of June 11th and 12th, with Riders from all parts of Texas and other states.

—Clyde Hayley, Commander
Battalion Motorcycle Corps
PO Box 191227
Dallas, TX 75219

ORGANIZING AROUND THE LAKE

This is to inform you that a new organization has formed around Lake Ontario. We came together to form a leather club based on the brotherhood of leather, and to provide our area with an outlet for gay men to express themselves through masculine pursuits.

We are an international club quartered in St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada. Our officers are as listed: Top Dog, Ron A., Director, Willy P.; Scribe, Bill H. Other members include Bob F., Wally D., and Fred G.

Please add us to your clublists so we can keep current with happenings within the club scene. For further information about us, Please write to us at our club address: Lake Ontario Leather Association, PO Box 465MPO, Niagara Falls, NY 14302.

—Bill H., Scribe. L.O.L.A.

de Sade and Men
PO Box 71426
New Orleans, LA 70172

Desert Leathermen
PO Box 1586
Tucson, AZ 85702

Disciples of De Sade (S/M)
PO Box 27672
Concord, CA 94527

*Dreizehn Fraternity (FN)
South End
Highway
Nashville, TN 37205

Disciples of De Sade (S/M)
1920 Cedar Springs
Dallas, TX 75219

Disciples of De Sade (S/M)
3121 Hamilton Way
Los Angeles, CA 90076

Dreizehn (S/M)
PO Box 1486
Boston, MA 02117

Eagle MC
1381 Liddy Ave
West Palm Beach, FL 33416

Empire City MC
PO Box 2543
New York, NY 10001

Enter Noan MC
PO Box 2061
Boston, MA 02106

E.N.E.C.A. (FN)
2329 N. Leavelle
Chicago, IL 60647

The Eulenspiegel Society
Mixed S/M
PO Box 2781
Grand Central Station
New York, NY 10013

Excalibur MC
PO Box 1186
New York, NY 10274-1130

Falcon MC
PO Box 24023
Kansas City, MO 64141

Fall Festival Association,
Miami Chapter (FL)
PO Box 500
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302

FFA, Tampa Bay (FL)
1110 East Mainway Ave
Tampa, FL 33604

FFA, Washington DC (FL)
PO Box 46
Washington, DC 20044

Falcon MC
C.P. 833 Union A
Montreal, PQ
H3C 2V5 Canada

The 15 Association (S/M)
PO Box 421302
San Francisco, CA 94142

Firedancers ECC
5214 Fleetwood Oaks R206
Dallas, TX 75235

The Foot Fraternity (FN)
PO Box 24107
Cleveland, OH 44124

Footmates (FN)
c/o RS Enterprises
440A Hudson St24
New York, NY 10014

Gateway MC
PO Box 14055
St. Louis, MO 63118

Gladitorial MC
PO Box 2194
Toluca Lake, CA 91602

GMSMA (S/M)
Mail: 132 West 24th St
New York, NY 10011
Meetings: 208 W. 13 St

Cauchio MC
32198 W. Obispo St
Tampa, FL 33609

Golden Gate Wrestling Club (FL)
63 Whitney St
San Francisco, CA 94133 2742

Golden State Gay Rodeo
Association, Inc. (X)
PO Box 90873
Long Beach, CA 90809

Griffins MC
274 N. Market
Wilmington, DE

*Gryphons
PO Box 181 Mid City Sta.
Dayton, OH 45402

GSA (Golden Showers
Association) (FL)
132 W. 24th St. Box 112 DMS
New York, NY 10011

Harbor Masters, Inc.
PO Box 4044
Portland, ME 04101

Harley Stokers MC (FN)
Harley-Davidson Owners
c/o Barry's
PO Box 06706
Portland, OR 97206

Hartford Colts MC
Blue Hills Station
PO Box 12201
Hartford, CT 06112

Hearth of the West MC
PO Box 614
Santa Fe, NM 87504 0674

Hijos del Sol
3014 Truman Rd
Albuquerque, NM 87110

Hot Ash (FN)
Box 4
London Terrace Station
New York, NY 10013

Houston MC
c/o Mary's Lounge
1022 Westheimer Rd
Houston, TX 77006

Illustrated Men (FL)
Box 709
Burbank, CA 91510

*Iron Men
1428 Riverside Dr
Akron, OH 44310

International Mr. Leather, Inc.
5025 N. Clark St. (X)
Chicago, IL 60640

International Mr. Leather, Inc.
PO Box 146504 (X)
San Francisco, CA 94114

International Roadmasters
3146 Grayson
Ferndale, MI 48221

Iron Crown MC
PO Box 1721 St. A
Montreal, PQ
H3C 3A5 Canada

Iron Guard NYC
PO Box 291 Village Station
New York, NY 10014

Iron Tigers MC (FN)
Harley-Davidson Owners
International Headquarters &
California Chapter

PO Box 109
Burbank, CA 91510
Iron Tigers MC (FL)
Ohio Chapter
PO Box 572
Worthington, OH 43085

Iron Tigers MC (FL)
Box 4
Chicago, IL 60606

It's 'Bout Time
616 N. 4th Ave
Tucson, AZ 85702

Joint Venture (FN)
Prisoner Contacts
PO Box 26 8680
Chicago, IL 60626

Kansas City Pioneers
PO Box 23625
Kansas City, MO 64141

Kingmasters MC
PO Box 236
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Knights D'Orleans
PO Box 50812
New Orleans, LA 70150

Knights of Leather (W)
PO Box 1060
Minneapolis, MN 55458

Knights of Malta MC
737 N. Edinburgh Ave
Los Angeles, CA 90046

Knights of Malta MC
Central Valley Chapter
PO Box 4162
Fresno, CA 93744

Knights of Malta MC
Pony Express
1818 P St. #12
Sacramento, CA 95814

Knights of Malta MC
Stockmen Chapter
PO Box 9386
Denver, CO 80219

Knights of Malta MC
PO Box 7726
Reno, NV 89502

Knights of Malta MC
Cascade Chapter
PO Box 8175
Portland, OR 97205

Knights of Malta MC
Chapter
PO Box 21052
Seattle, WA 98111

Knights of the Second Liberty
SM
12226 Victory Blvd. #142
N. Hollywood, CA 91605

Knights Templar (SM)
PO Box 14 81
San Francisco, CA 94114

Knights Wrestling Club (F)
PO Box 161
Jackson Heights, NY 11372

*Lake Ontario Leather
Association
PO Box 465MPO
Niagara Falls, NY 14302

Lion MC
PO Box 51475
New Orleans, LA 70151

Lashmates (FN)
c/o RS Enterprises
496A Hudson St24
New York, NY 10014

The Leather Guild (FL)
219 Guerrero
San Francisco, CA 94111

Leather and Lace (W)
PO Box 54846
Los Angeles, CA 90054

The Leather Fraternity (FN)
Thermador, Inc.
PO Box 11314
San Francisco, CA 94111

The Leathermen
PO Box 8595
Atlanta, GA 30316

*Der Ledermeister (S/M)
1172 W. Onondaga St
Syracuse, NY 13204

LEPT (W)
PO Box 21542
Washington, DC 20009

Lion Regiment
PO Box 44 23
Boise, ID 83711

LL Steelworkers
PO Box 40065
Nashville, TN 37204

Loboc MC
PO Box 831
Long Beach, CA 90801 0833

Long Island Spuds MC
PO Box 26
Massapequa Park, NY 11762

LSA (W)
PO Box 443
Murray Hill Station
New York, NY 10156

LEATHER CALENDAR

If you'd like your organization's events listed here, send us the appropriate information at least two months in advance.

6	• Mr. Rocky Mt. Drummer Contest ; Galerie Leon, Denver, CO.	3	• Firedance II —Firedancers; Dallas.
	• Workout —SF Wrestling Club; San Francisco.	4	• Workout —SF Wrestling Club; San Francisco.
10	• Meeting —Dreizehn; Cambridge, CA.		• Mr. Northwest Drummer Contest —Mack's Leathers; Celebrities, Vancouver, BC.
11-14	• San Cristobal Run —City Bikers; Denver.	7	• Gay Men SM Rap —PEP; Albuquerque.
12-14	• Europe's Leatherparty —MSC Hamburg; Hamburg.	8	• M.A.F.I.A. Social ; Chicago.
	• Bay Area Rodeo ; Hayward, CA.	8-11	• INFERNO XVII —Chicago Hellfire Club; Douglas, MI.
13	• Mr. British Columbia Drummer Contest —VASM; Vancouver, BC.	10	• Party —Knights Templar; San Francisco.
	• M.A.F.I.A. Party ; Chicago.	11	• Potluck —Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
	• Mountain Retreat —Pocono Warriors; Pocono Mts., PA.	14	• Meeting —Dreizehn; Paradise, Cambridge, MA.
	• Inferno Night Party —CHC; Chicago.	16-18	• Kumpeltreffen —LFRR Essen; Essen.
	• Show Night —MSC London.		• 18th Birthday Party —MS Amsterdam; Amsterdam.
	• Party —Knights Templar; San Francisco.		• Conquest '88 —Conquistadors; Orlando, FL.
	• Molly Brown Run —Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.	17	• Spank, Belt, Strap & Paddle —The 15; SF.
14	• Mr. Midwest Drummer Contest —The Dock; Cincinnati, OH.	17-18	• Workout —SF Wrestling Club; San Francisco.
	• 3rd Annual Auction —NLA; Seattle; Sparks, Seattle.		• Ride/Bar Night —Thunderbolts MC; Bike Stop, Philadelphia.
	• Potluck —Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.	21	• Gay Men SM Rap —PEP; Albuquerque.
	• Ride : New England Air Museum—Thunderbolts MC; Windsor Locks, CT.	21-25	• Leather Pride Weekend ; San Francisco.
17	• Gay Men SM Rap —PEP; Albuquerque.		• IFMA Internationale Fahrrad und Motorrad —MS Panther; Köln, West Germany.
19	• Mr. Great Lakes Drummer Contest ; The Detroit Eagle, Detroit.	22	• Fetish & Fantasy Party —various clubs; The Powerhouse, SF.
19-21	• Grillparty —Black Angels Köln; Cologne, West Germany.	23	• Leather Pride Party —Up Your Alley Productions; San Francisco.
	• Summer Campus '88 —NLC Franken; Nuremberg, West Germany.	23-24	• 2nd Conference on Sexual Liberty & Social Repression —Committee to Preserve our Sexual & Civil Liberties; San Francisco.
	• Renaissance IV —Oklahoma Linemen; Oklahoma City.	23-26	• Oktoberfesttreffen —MLC München; Munich.
	• Northwoods '88 —Castaways/Argonauts; Green Bay, WI.	24	• Mr. Drummer '88 Contest Finals ; The Galleria, SF.
20	• Torture Party —The 15; SF.		• Party —Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
	• Sleezball V —Copperstate Leathermen; Bum Steer, Phoenix.		• 5th Anniv. Party —Illustrated Men; North Hollywood, CA.
	• Workout —SF Wrestling Club; San Francisco.	25	• Folsom Street Fair ; SF.
	• 2nd Cologne Rubber Night —MS Panther & RMC Freunden.		• 19th Annual Aspen Run —Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.
20-26	• New England Tour —Spartan MC; Washington, DC.	30-2	• 14th Anniv. —Knights d'Orleans; New Orleans.
21	• Summer Garden Party —MSC London.	OCTOBER	
25-28	• Women's Motorcycle Festival	1-2	• Anniversary VI —VASM; Vancouver, BC.
26	• Bondage Party —CHC; Chicago.		• Commander's Mystery Ride —Batallion MC; Dallas.
26-27	• Mr. Great Plains Drummer Contest —Windjammer; Kansas City.	5	• Gay Men's SM Rap —PEP; Albuquerque.
26-28	• Tri/Ram '88 —Utica Tri's MC & Rochester Rams; Rochester, NY.	7-9	• Bunkhouse I —Cincinnati Chaps; Cincinnati, OH.
	• Migration '88 —MC Faucon; Montreal.		• Fountain of Youth, 1988 —Adventurers-Suncoast MC; St. Petersburg, FL.
	• Campout/Wargames —NLA; Seattle; Seattle.	7-10	• Living In Leather III —National Leather Association; Seattle.
	• Grill Party am Rhein —Black Angels Köln; Cologne.		• Annual Review —American Uniform Association; Atlanta.
26-29	• Bank Holiday Events Party —Sussex Lancers.	8	• Party —Knights Templar; San Francisco.
27	• Mr. Europe Drummer Contest —Eagle Bar; Amsterdam.	8-9	• Fall Foliage Ride —Thunderbolts MC; Whitcomb's Summit, MA.
	• Party —Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.	9	• Potluck —Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
	• International Mud —Club Mud; Rio Nido, CA.	12	• Meeting —Dreizehn; Paradise, Cambridge, MA.
SEPTEMBER		14-16	• Birthday Event —MSC London; London.
1-5	• Ft. Waldorf IV —Copperstate Leathermen; Phoenix, AZ.	15	• Mad Doctors Party —The 15; SF.
	• 10th A.M.G./Summerfest —M.A.F.I.A.; Chicago.		• Octoberfest '88/19th Anniv. —Vanguards MC; Philadelphia.
2-5	• 20th Anniversary Run —The Texas Riders; Buzzards Peak.	17-23	• 20th Anniversary —Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.
	• Leif Erikson Run in New Hampshire —Vikings MC; Boston.	19	• Gay Men's SM Rap —PEP; Albuquerque.
		22	• Party —Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
		31	• Fetish & Fantasy Ball II —NLA; BC; Celebrities, Vancouver.

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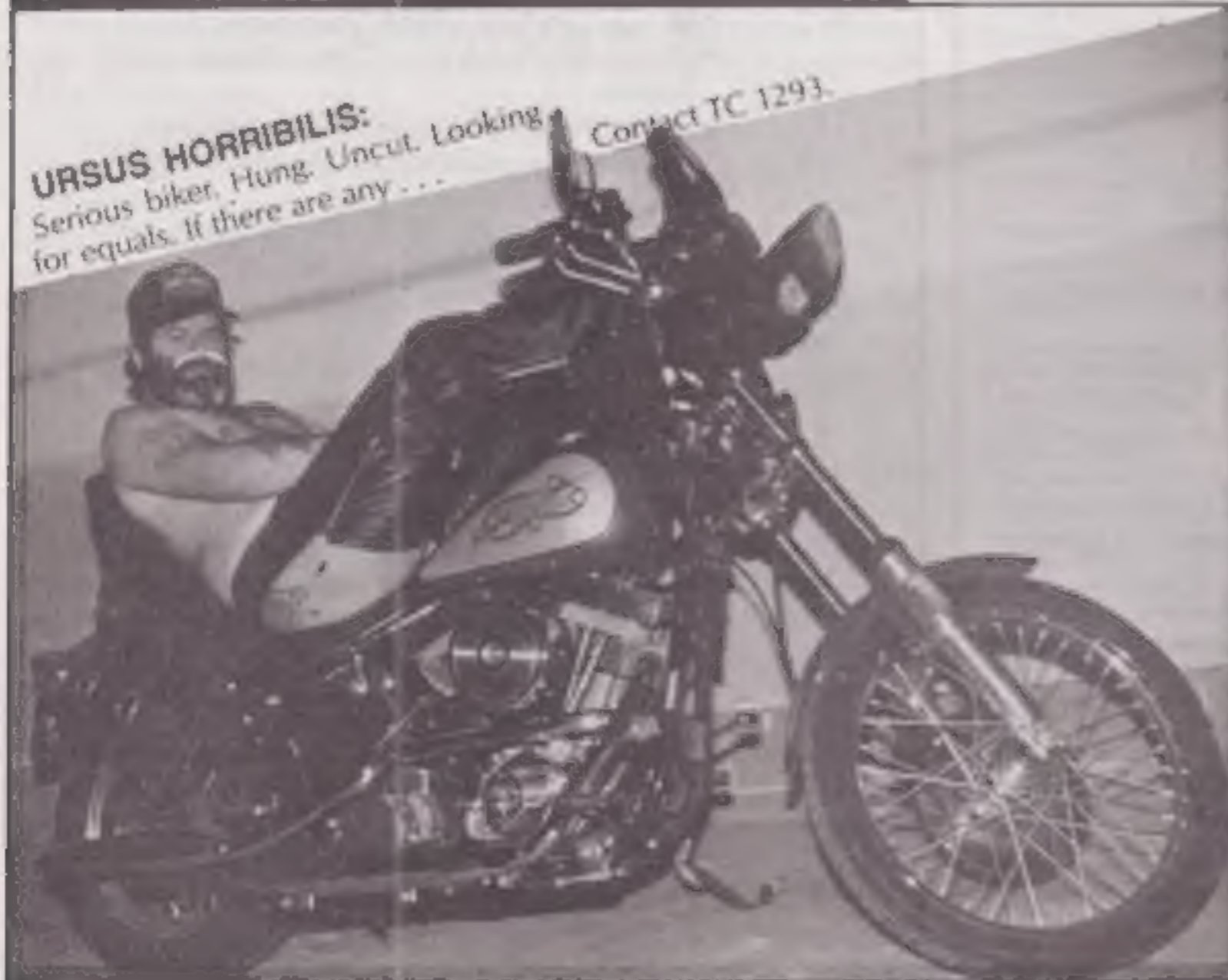


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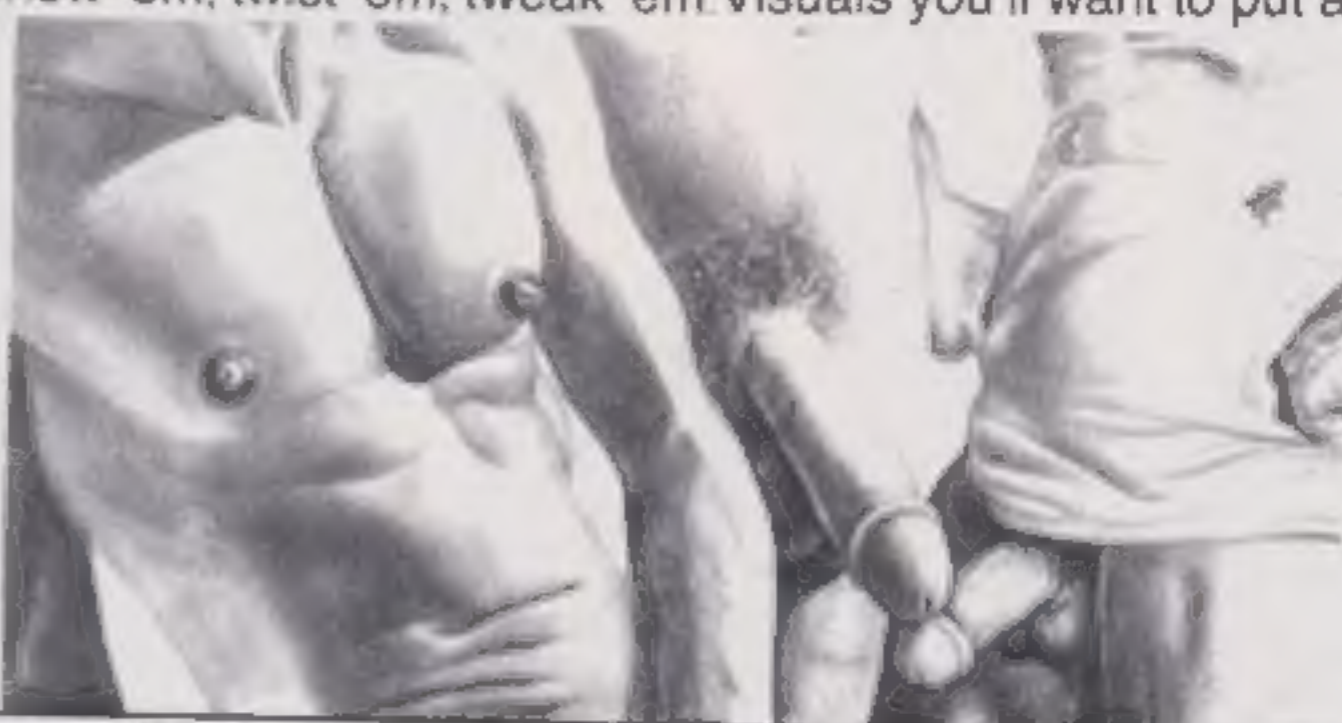
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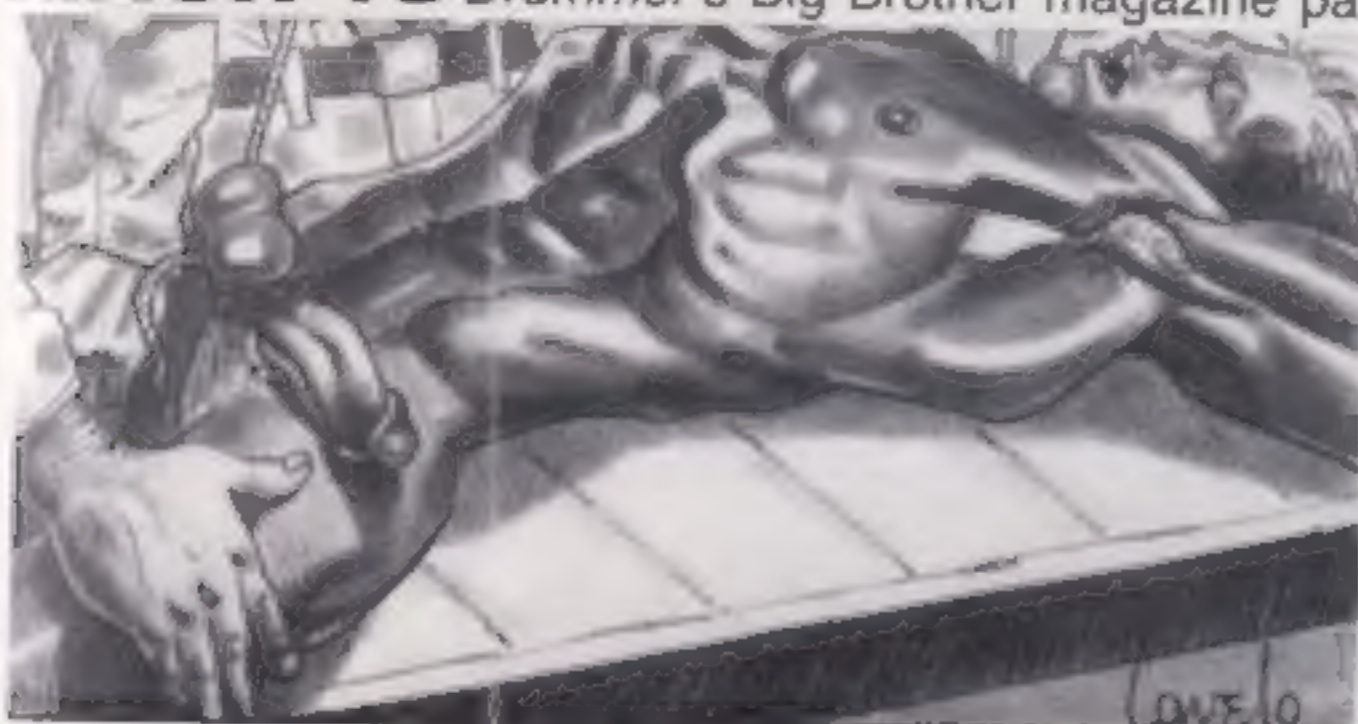
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